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ENGLISH ISLAMISM.

THERE are evidently not a few people who say in their hearts that our Indian calamity is a judgment upon us from Heaven for not having employed our political power to convert the natives to our religion. They do not say this with their lips, because the language of persecution has become too startling to English ears, and too unfamiliar to the English tongue. They do not openly avow their conviction that we ought to force or bribe our dependents to offer to the God of Truth the sacrifice of the worst of lies. They put it rather as if we were guilty in some way of impeding, by political means, the progress of Christianity—as though we were cherishing Suttees, encouraging infanticide, forbidding widows to marry, and taking too much care in matters like that of the greased cartridges to avoid giving any unnecessary shock to the prejudices of Indian religion. They rake up old stories of the removal of a converted Sepoy from a Brahmin regiment, where he was in a disagreeable position, and tell us that whoso is wise will see that the mutiny at Meerut was the consequence of an occurrence of which probably not one of the mutineers had ever heard. But there is a perpetual harping on the greatness of our military and political power, and its relation to our religious responsibilities—there are sinister allusions to the practices of the Mahomedan conquerors, and comparisons between the number of converts made by HYDER and TIPPOO and the number made under our own dominion, which point in a more ominous direction. What is really in the minds of a good many speakers and writers is something else than the fear lest we should not give Christianity free course. It was not without reason, therefore, that the Duke of NEWCASTLE came forward the other day (and he was the first who came forward) to lay down firmly the principle that missionary enterprise, to which no man is a warmer friend, is the right mode of propagating Christianity, and that force and fraud are not.

The British public loves to be called illogical but practical. It loves to think that it is guided by a sort of innate and intuitive wisdom which is better than theories and principles, and that it is always doing reasonable things, as it were, in despite of reason. All the ministers of the public pleasure are well aware of this delicate peculiarity of our national self-love, and flatter it to the top of its bent. But there are limits to the sphere of this blind wisdom. There are occasions on which it is our bounden duty to explore thoroughly the grounds of our conduct, and to have a settled principle of action, if we would avoid falling not only into error but into crime. And this is one of those occasions. We are bound—most solemnly bound—to get a perfectly clear view of the reasons and the limits of our propagandist functions, before we plunge into courses which may lead to the overthrow of a great and beneficent Empire, and deluge Hindostan with blood. What is it in our relation to the Hindoos that entitles and requires us to propagate our religion among them by any other means than those of argument and good example? Is it that Providence has given them into our hands? Providence had given the Low Countries into the hands of PHILIP of Spain, and the Cevennes into the hands of LOUIS QUATORZE. Is it that we are more enlightened than they are, and therefore are

bound to force them into the right way? The lettered prosuls, the philosophic Emperors of Rome, were incomparably more enlightened than the peasants and fishermen whom they compelled, or sought to compel, to burn incense to the gods of the Roman State. Is it that to die in unbelief is so fearful a thing, and that we must make haste to drag the heathen into the pale of salvation, lest, before argument can reach him, he perish, and lose his soul? This is the plea of all persecutors; and the answer to it is, that if perfect toleration is God's law—as people who would emancipate the Jews must believe it to be—those who, through our obedience to that law, die unconverted, are in the just and merciful hands of God. And then, if we are to begin the practice of State propagandism, how far are we to go? What limits are we to set to this duty of political conversion? If we are bound to use secular influence at all for the propagation of our faith, why not sufficient influence? Influence failing, why not force? What but a universal rising of the nation is to arrest us in the easy descent towards those crimes of pious and well-meaning persecutors compared with which all recorded crimes of worldly ambition, scarlet though they be, are white as wool?

Besides, what form of Christianity is the Government to propagate? We have an Established Church, old and deeply rooted, the religion of which is legally the religion of the Sovereign and the nation. But its real members are the minority of the people of the Three Kingdoms. A representative government undertaking to propagate the religion of the minority will find an awkward business on its hands; and the Church of England must beware of the recoil. The other day, a Nonconformist proposed to erect a memorial church on the site of the massacre at Cawnpore. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel took up the proposal. The Nonconformist immediately protested against having his plan turned to "sectarian" objects. He will not object to an Episcopalian Church, provided a pledge be given that the doctrine taught shall be Justification by Faith—otherwise, he trusts "not one Dissenter will lend a hand, where a massacre was to be perpetrated on the surface more fearful than that the victims of which smouldered underneath, with sacramental forms for scimitars, and something worse for a prey than flesh and blood." The Church of England is to engage that one side only of her doctrine shall be taught—that is, in effect, that falsehood shall be taught by her clergymen, in order to obtain the subscriptions of Nonconformists! Whereupon another friend to the scheme, perceiving that it is endangered by "sectarian" divisions (anything definite is "sectarian"), suggests that instead of an Episcopalian, or—as some, in compliment to General HAVELOCK, had suggested—a Baptist Church, there should be a naked and riteless "house of prayer for all nations," we presume to the Unknown God. We refer to this controversy in no taunting spirit—taunts would be quite out of place when the subject of discussion is the divisions among Christians which prevent them from combining for the propagation of the Christian faith. But S. G. O. may perceive that there are other obstacles in the way of a grand national effort for the conversion of India than the difficulty of inventing conversion machinery of sufficient power. "Whoso is wise" will "consider these things" before he commits himself and his Church to an impracticable attempt. When we have dishonoured Christianity in the eyes of the natives by our rash advance, we shall not restore it to honour by our enforced retreat.

A government, laws, tribunals, emanating from a Christian country, will breathe the spirit of Christianity; and in this way the exercise of political power will be an instrument, and no feeble instrument, of propagating our religion. Our civil and military functionaries must choose between their present functions and those of the missionary; and if they prefer the functions of the mis-

sionary, they must resign their offices and commissions; but nothing forbids them, with all the advantages of their present rank and station, to set forth to the heathen the beauty of Christianity in truly Christian lives. In all questions of State morality, the moral code of a Christian country ought to prevail; and whatever may be analogous to Suttee and infanticide should be boldly suppressed throughout our dominions—not because it is opposed to our religion, but because, in the light alike of nature and religion, we perceive it to be wrong. The native convert to Christianity must be maintained with a high hand in all his civil rights, though it is morally impossible to maintain him, or any other convert, in his domestic and social position. The missionary must carry on the work of conviction in perfect independence of the secular power, because the semblance of aid from the secular power at once contaminates conviction; but the State must protect the missionary, like other men, in the free exercise of his lawful calling. And the missionary must preach without disguise that which his Church believes to be the whole truth. A Christianity made up without distinctive rites and doctrines, for the purposes of Indian conversion, and accommodated to the patronage of a mixed government, would in the first place enlist no zealous preachers, and therefore would find no proselytes. In the second place, it would be a piece of dishonesty and Jesuitism which would be certain to recoil on the shortsighted wisdom that gave it birth. The divisions of Christian Churches are scandalous and disastrous, but they are vital; and, being vital, they cannot be ignored either in England or in Hindostan.

THE CRISIS.

THE second suspension of the Bank Act is a far more serious matter than the first relaxation of its provisions while it was yet in its infancy, and little understood. Departures from the letter of the law, however special may be the occasion for them, tend, by repetition, to become part and parcel of the law itself; and, when it has once come to be the recognised rule to disregard statutory provisions in certain conjunctures, the practical effect is just the same as if the occasional irregularity were provided for by express clauses in the Act itself. When Lord JOHN RUSSELL issued his famous letter, in 1847, the immediate results were so far good, that they at once allayed the unreasoning panic which then aggravated the difficulties of the time, while no immediate harm resulted, because the state of the exchanges was such that the Bank was under no temptation to use the additional facilities which were given to it. The step was unquestionably wise with reference to the emergency of the moment, but it was fraught with future mischief, of which we are now feeling the effects. It is now matter of history that the provisions of the Bank Act were capable of coping with the difficulties of 1847, for, in point of fact, those provisions were never departed from; but the indulgence then granted to the Bank fostered doubts of the efficiency of the Act, and laid the foundation for future panics, to be relieved by further concessions. A very short time will show whether the present relaxation can be defended on the same grounds which justified that of 1847. It is not quite certain yet whether the drain of specie which was going on until within the last few days has definitively ceased. Probably the present rates will suffice to prevent any further exportation. If so, the events of 1847 will be substantially repeated; and the power of issuing an indefinite number of notes will for the moment be beneficial, because the call for it will have sprung from the fears rather than from the wants of the commercial world. If a child cries for the moon, you may perhaps save him from convulsions by promising it, if you are quite sure that the promise, without the performance, will quiet his demand; and it is only under the same conditions that the City can be safely indulged in its outcry for more money than there is in the world. But the unfortunate consequence of such policy is, that the promise, however absurd, will be referred to as a precedent whenever fresh troubles bring on a renewed call for impossible relief.

The truth is, that neither Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Act nor any legislation whatever can prevent panic from increasing commercial embarrassment and distress. If the existing troubles were exclusively due to the foreign demand created by the American crisis, the issue of more notes would give no permanent relief, but would serve only to increase the drain of gold. So far, however, as the pressure has been aggravated by internal panic, Lord PALMERSTON'S letter will bring an immediate

alleviation. It is a concession to the loss of confidence which has not unnaturally resulted from the failures that have occurred among ourselves, as well as in the United States. We do not say that the concession could have been avoided in the face of the panic which everywhere existed; but we cannot disguise the fact that the desperate remedy applied to relieve the disorders of the moment will tell hereafter upon our mercantile stability. It is impossible to gratify demands founded on a panic without increasing the risk of its recurrence.

The advocates of every wild scheme of currency expansion will doubtless seize upon recent events as testimonies against the wisdom of the Act of 1844. Yet no inference could be more unfounded. No one can justly pretend that the Bank Act has caused or contributed to the present disasters. If the Bank had all through enjoyed absolute liberty to issue notes at pleasure, it could not have safely taken any other course than it has done. Could it have maintained lower rates of discount? Certainly not; for bullion has been going out of the country during the whole crisis, and nothing less than a rate of 10*l.* per cent. has sufficed to check it. Whatever the law has prohibited, common prudence would equally have forbidden in the absence of any law. The real effect of the suspension of the Act will be not so much to increase the power of the Bank to accommodate the public as to reduce the demand for assistance to its legitimate amount. Legally, it is true there is now no limit to the notes which the Bank may advance to applicants for discount; but the actual limit on the Bank's power is imposed by the necessity of ensuring the convertibility of its notes. The law of the land merely enforced the restrictions which the natural law of trade imposed, and the removal of the statutory obligation will not relieve the Bank from the necessity of conforming to the dictates of prudence, which are identical with the commands of the suspended law. A moment's consideration of what is actually happening will show how idle it would be to attribute the evil to our currency legislation. All over the world there is a greedy demand for money. The rate of interest for advances is far beyond the permanent rate of interest on capital, which is simply a proof that the whole circulation of the world is insufficient to carry on the business for which it amply sufficed a few months ago. Why is this, but because the amount of trade which can be conducted with a given quantity of money depends on the degree of confidence which prevails? In ordinary times, a few millions of gold and notes, aided by the general system of credit, will serve to transact all the business of the markets. But let a panic come, and the supplementary forms of credit lose nearly all their efficiency, and straightway it requires a circulation of perhaps two or three times the ordinary value to satisfy the demands of trade. If the change were gradual, the compensation would be afforded, without a shock, by the increase in the exchangeable value of money, through a fall of prices. This would require no addition to the nominal amount of gold or notes. But the progress of alarm is as rapid as the electric telegraph. The change of feeling in a single day may paralyse the regular action of credit to such an extent as to require many millions of money to carry on the business for which a fraction of that amount would before have sufficed. Then the dread of matters getting worse brings thousands of applicants for discounts, not because they want them at the time, but because they may want them hereafter, and are afraid lest the sources of supply should be dried up. Then come runs upon banks, which are compelled to keep a reserve in their tills far beyond what the ordinary necessities of business require. Thus one man's need reacts upon another's fears, until the demand for money grows to dimensions out of all proportion to the permanent requirements of trade.

Now, what is the cure for these things? Not legislation of any kind. So long as the appetite for money is liable to violent and sudden fluctuations of this magnitude, no machinery will keep it supplied. It is no more possible to legislate beforehand for a panic than for a revolution. The Bank Act does secure us a supply of circulation which will never oscillate far on either side of our actual wants; but no legislation can furnish an adequate supply of any commodity, the demand for which is every now and then magnified by fear to double or treble its natural proportions. If a sudden dread of famine were to come over us whenever corn was dear, and induce every one who had a shilling to spare to rush to the market and lay in a year's stock of flour, we should have half the population starved in earnest. We don't do this, because we trust free-trade in corn to set us

right. We do rush for accommodation whenever gold is scarce, because we have not learned to trust to the working of a system which is in fact free-trade in gold. Until this truth is brought home to us, we shall never be able to get through a season of pressure without increasing its evils by exaggerated fears; and every attempt to throw upon Acts of Parliament the blame which is due to our own selfish folly, will only postpone the time when a more wholesome feeling shall render a run for gold as obsolete as a rush for corn has now become.

THE SPANISH COURT.

THE condition of the Spanish Court and Government is a disgrace to Europe. The first-fruits of civilization, even on the unkindest soil, are usually the external decencies; but in Madrid these humblest conquests of moral progress seem to be abandoned. The accredited phrase in certain circles about the Court of Spain is, that there is a mystery about it; but the mystery is like the *secret de Polichinelle*. Everybody in Europe whispers it. The smallest piece of news in Madrid is enough to set every tongue profaning it. If the Ministry changes, if ARMERO brings in MOX, and MOX refuses to come in without PIDAL, and PIDAL introduces BERMUDEZ DE CASTRO, and the dead generally unbury their dead, but one name is made responsible for it all. If it is announced that a Royal child is about to be born to Spain, and prayers are offered in all the churches for her MAJESTY'S deliverance from danger, the same name mingles with the public orisons. One omnipresent influence animates Court life and politics, and yet it has an inner shrine whither you may easily get directed if you want a place, or a command, or a railway concession. As you make your way to a certain boudoir, you will pass Cardinals who have been to converse about the Concordat, Princes of the Blood who have been consulting about their own or their daughters' marriage, and Foreign Ministers who have come to mediate in the rupture with Mexico. The inmate will receive you graciously, if you are properly equipped; and you will find that there is no good thing in Spain but can be begged or bought from a Madame DUBARRY who, instead of paint and patches, wears a sword, a sabretasche, and spurs. The present moral status of the BOURBONS reminds one of the theory, held by some persons, that in very old families the good qualities of the race die out, leaving a residuum of unqualified evil. The greatest House in Europe will certainly not disprove the theory. Except where the blood has been sweetened by adversity, it seems to have steadily eliminated all its nobler particles, and to have run itself clear, in the course of years, from all its ingredients except vice, fanaticism, and imbecility. At Naples, you have the cold cruelty and moroseness of LOUIS XIII. At Venice, you have the formal superstition and mechanical routine of LOUIS XIV. At Madrid, you have LOUIS XV., *tout impur*. What need of a *Parc aux Cerfs*, when there are the united services for a preserve?

Many people are surprised to hear that these intolerable scandals have produced a general desire for the return of the QUEEN-MOTHER to Spain. Considering who MARIA CHRISTINA is, the remedy called for at Madrid may seem only intelligible on the principles of homeopathy. This Royal lady has just most deliberately stamped herself with the character which she is to wear in the eyes of posterity. She had to choose between the horns of an uncomfortable dilemma, and to say whether she would be regarded as a cheat or as something which most women would consider a good deal worse. A Committee of the Constituent Cortes appointed to report on the sequestration of her property, had endeavoured, with spiteful, and perhaps not very honourable dexterity, to show that the State had a claim against her for very large sums of money unlawfully received. She had enjoyed an extravagant revenue as Regent and guardian of her infant daughter, but both the Regency and the guardianship were to cease on her marrying a second time; and, unfortunately, her relations with her present husband, now Duke of RIANZARES, had been such as to make it a charitable supposition that her widowhood ended soon after FERDINAND'S death. The Committee had stated the alternative with malignant clearness; and when, on the defeat of her political enemies, the QUEEN-MOTHER announced that a formal refutation of their charges would be immediately submitted to the world, all the curiosity in Spain was awake to watch the issue of the struggle between modesty and cupidity. The result establishes the wisdom of the dictum

that avarice is the best of all passions to cultivate, because it lasts longest. MARIA CHRISTINA refuses to be called a swindler, because swindlers are sometimes required to refund—she consents to be called something else, because hard words break no bones. In a bulky pamphlet, published in her name by three well-known advocates, this Princess, who some years since was travelling about Europe with a train of marriageable daughters, labours to show, with much emphatic asseveration and great affluence of proofs, that she was not married till 1844. No wonder the question is asked, what possible improvement can she bring to the morals of the Court of Spain? But the answer is, that she will bring common discretion. False, cruel, avaricious, tyrannical, and, as she herself admits, licentious, she has still the instincts of a woman. Though she may not have self-command enough to disappoint a single passion, she will do her best to reconcile her vices with appearances. She will affront scandal rather than relinquish one dollar of her hoards; but she does not love scandal for its own sake—she has no taste for orgies in the face of day, and would very much rather sin in private than in public. She is, in fact, desired in Madrid for the excellent example she affords. The person now styled Duke of RIANZARES is not known to have caused the rise or fall of a single Cabinet. Probably, like the rest of the world, he has his hates and likings, but no political event can be traced to them; and if he has coveted distinction in any field outside the Palace, no indulgence has been extended to this creditable ambition. MARIA CHRISTINA must be fully alive to the dangerousness of a POTEMKIN who is bent on having a Crimea in Cuba, and, if only for this reason, her *mitis sapientia* would be invaluable at Madrid.

The Oriental tinge which colours Spanish character may not imply any great austerity of morals, but it produces acute distaste for violations of external propriety, and a peculiar disgust at open irregularities in the other sex. It is greatly to be feared that Queen ISABELLA is at the same moment wearing out the affection of the Spanish nation for the Royal office, and its respect for those free institutions which sanction the seat of the younger branch of Spanish BOURBONS on the throne. There are some, indeed, who appear to extract comfort from the shameful proceedings of the Spanish Court, by reflecting that, whatever Queen ISABELLA is, she is still a protest against absolute monarchy. She has, we are told, the sense to see that an attempt to govern without a Parliament would be an admission of her cousin's title to the Crown; and hence she keeps alive traditions and germs of freedom which may blossom hereafter in more genial days. The danger does not, however, impend from the sons of DON CARLOS, whose chance of reinstatement in any event is almost inappreciable. In Spain, as in every other Continental community, it is a military autocracy which waits to take advantage of the false steps of freedom; and in truth, nothing but the power which she accidentally possessed of playing off O'DONNELL against NARVAEZ, prevented Queen ISABELLA from becoming, the other day, the slave and creature of an armed dictator. Curiously enough, the Court of Spain owes its present independence to the profligacy with which it has been wont to dispense its favours. It has created such a mob of Generals, and such a variety of discordant interests in the army, that no one competitor for military absolutism can hope to carry with him the support of more than a fraction of the forces and of their officers. But this even balance among a crowd of ready conspirators would be instantly destroyed by the conspicuous success of any one General in domestic or foreign war. ESPARTEIRO, though he never drew a sword out of Spain, might have been Dictator long ago if it had not been for that cast of character which his disappointed friends stigmatize as feebleness, but which looks to an Englishman much more like simple honesty. Had hostilities really broken out between Spain and Mexico, the destroyer of the monarchy would not probably have been long in showing himself; and in any case, a Crown which has for years been the sport of military conspiracy needs but a push to topple it from the head of a sovereign who is an object of general contempt.

THE INDIAN PRESS.

LORD CANNING'S suspension of the liberty of the press in India gave rise to a controversy which has been waged by some of our contemporaries with peculiar acrimony. We have not mingled in it ourselves, simply from

feeling that nobody outside the circle of Indian Government was in a position either to condemn or to approve the measure. English public opinion required from Lord CANNING complete success in suppressing the revolt of the native soldiery, and, if he prepared to comply with the demand, he was entitled to fix the conditions of his compliance. At such an emergency as that which occasioned the edict of suppression, we should no more have thought of attacking Lord CANNING for fettering the liberty of the pen than we should dream of asking for a Court-martial on General WILSON, on the ground that he used ungentlemanlike language to a subaltern during the storm of Delhi. Lord CANNING was expected to preserve the empire, and to do his best to save the lives and property of Englishmen. If he has done this, it is absurd to insist that he might have effected his object in one way rather than in another, or to complain that his measures involved the temporary abridgment of a much prized privilege. He may have done too much, but he stands absolved, because we should never have pardoned him had he done too little.

The footing on which the Indian Press is to stand when order is re-established, involves a much more serious question. It is by no means solved by the ready answer which is given by the Calcutta petitioners and their friends. Abolish the native press, they say, and restore the fullest liberty to the Anglo-Indian newspapers. We need certainly waste no pity on the grotesque form of journalism which would perish with the suppression of the native sheets; but the distinction taken between the English and native press—that is, between newspapers published in one language and newspapers published in another—will scarcely bear examination. It is not only arbitrary in theory, but false in practice. The number of natives who read English is not inconsiderable even now; and though we cannot attach much importance to the suggestion that the difficulty of Indian tongues to the Englishman, and of English to the native, may be smoothed over by adopting the principles of the *Phonetic Nuz*—a suggestion which tempts us to ask a certain contemporary of ours whether he learned French out of a pronouncing dictionary—we look upon the wider diffusion of our language among the natives as a very probable consequence of recent events. Do what we may, we cannot disguise from ourselves that the true question is, whether it is expedient to re-establish the Anglo-Indian press in its former immunity from control; for it is the English press which, in the long run, will form the habits of native journalism, and, in passing judgment on the local Government, will determine the view taken of it by the population of Hindostan. We do not mean to state the question in bad faith. We admit that the desirableness of a free press ought to be assumed till its undesirableness is proved. It is, indeed, true that the metaphors current on the subject convey much nonsense and a good deal of falsehood, and we should not perhaps go far wrong in saying that INDOPHILUS of the *Times*, when he pronounces the liberty of the Indian press as “*inevitable*,” is simply trying to escape from a difficulty by shirking all considerations of justice, prudence, and policy. But the immense amount of commonplace which clusters round the freedom of the press is itself a proof that it is nearly indispensable to Englishmen. It may be possible that an Englishman could exist without the privilege of belabouring his own Government in his own newspaper, and an English Government might be even conceived as surviving immunity from cavil; but the phenomena, if within the limits of possibility, would be anomalous, unheard of, intolerable, and, to use the word which closes all argument, un-English.

One proposition, which derives its force from the lesson the natives have just taught us, will not lose its truth through the lesson which we are just now teaching them. It is perilous to let them derive their notions of our Government from the Anglo-Indian press, as it was conducted before the mutiny. To say that the Anglo-Indian newspapers (with some conspicuous exceptions) were too often scurrilous, unjust, and unpatriotic, is to understate the matter—they combined these characteristics with a poorness of style, a disregard of facts, and a meagreness of moral view for which a match could scarcely be found in the homeliest forms of English provincial journalism. Though their field was a great empire, and their subject the successive scenes in one of the grandest political dramas to which the world has sat spectator, they were written on the principles of the *Little Peddlington Tribune*. Amid the debris of

ancient kingdoms, and the slow formation of the power which was steadily building their fragments into the interstices of its own mighty structure, the Anglo-Indian Press had its special ferment, and was convulsed with the passions of the Marylebone Vestry. A slashing article in one of the ordinary run of newspapers consisted of narratives of transactions in which every other statement was an invention, or in the ruthless exposure of a delinquent statesman through a picture of his physical characteristics and a schedule of his debts. If anybody wishes to see a fair sample of the journalism which flourished in the East, we beg him to glance at the earliest of the pamphlets published in London after the commencement of the mutiny. All these characteristics we have described are admitted by INDOPHILUS, of the *Times*, who asserts that he knows something of the Indian Press. In suggesting his reasons for the condition of things which he stigmatizes, he appears to us to dwell on the minor and less permanent causes, probably from a disinclination to cut close to the quick of the subject. He tells us with great truth that the Anglo-Indian Press has hitherto been an instrument in the hands of a minority used exclusively against a majority, and that the minority is altogether inferior to the majority in intelligence, cultivation, knowledge, and zeal for the public welfare. But before we accept his suggestion of a remedy, we must ask whether the license of the Indian journals is not attributable to something else besides their dependence on the non-official part of the Indian community? The truth is, newspapers in India are exempt from the responsibility which waits on English journalism. It requires no extraordinary sagacity to perceive that in England the great appeal from the misrepresentations of the Press is to the “platform.” Considering, indeed, the almost morbid repugnance of English journals to the admission of an error, the reparation which they give is much more ample than might perhaps be expected; but it is necessarily uncertain and incomplete so long as such expedients remain as small print, the back-page, the asterisked note, and the reply delayed till a telling rejoinder can be prepared. But in the last resort there is always Parliament or the Public Meeting. If an English statesman were maligned with one tithe of the brutality which is the every-day lot of members of the Indian Government, a question from a friendly quarter would elicit, at all events, the truth of the facts; and “a few remarks, personal to myself,” would convey the arguments which, in the opinion of the person attacked, were the proper answer to his traducer. The public meeting or dinner serves the same purpose. After certain English newspapers had been moralizing for weeks upon the quarrel between Lord CANNING and Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, Lord GRANVILLE got up to state that there was no quarrel at all, and the lie was dead.

There is not—and let the Calcutta petitioners say what they will, there never can be—in India any “open” council through which aggrieved civilians can publish their refutations of calumny. But the very fact that justice is denied to the Indian Government and its servants through the absence of any medium of publicity except the press, suggests that some such medium ought to be provided, unless the Indian press on again becoming free is to recur at once to its former excesses. We do not pretend that there are not enormous objections to the Indian Government having an official organ, but, considering the difficulties which surround the subject on all sides, we venture to think that the able INDOPHILUS has much too summarily dismissed the suggestion that something like an Indian *Moniteur* should be established. The journal which, as he tells us, once appeared in that character, was not an official organ, but a newspaper in open alliance with the Government, which is a very different thing. It is not at all certain that good might not be done by the establishment of a periodical paper, as colourless in most respects as the *London Gazette*, but authorised to publish narratives of facts and portions of official documents on questions which might be attracting general attention. At all events, we vehemently doubt whether the project of INDOPHILUS himself would not prove wholly illusory. Lord ELLENBOROUGH’s prohibition of the communication of official documents to newspapers may be recalled for a time; but under a system like that of India, which is almost entirely conducted by minutes and correspondence, free-trade in State-papers is an absurdity, and, if it existed, would have to be repealed in a year or two. Some how or other, the Government must be made a party to every vindication of itself or of its servants.

THE MARRIAGE OF FELLOWS QUESTION.

WE spoke of this question the other day as it concerns non-residents. We have a few words more to say on it as it concerns the residents—that is, the literary and educating staff of the several Colleges, and, in the aggregate, of the University. Our recurrence to what may seem a dry local question will be excused by those who know its great importance to the persons whose interests are affected, and (what is infinitely more to the purpose) its vital connexion with the future efficiency of our great national places of learning and education. The more we consider the subject, the more does the question of the marriage of Fellows appear to us the cardinal question of University Reform.

Of course there is no such thing now in existence at Oxford or Cambridge as celibacy in the mediæval sense. A certain number of men—more at Oxford than at Cambridge—have been attracted by the religious poetry and monastic self-devotion of the Middle Ages, and have shown a yearning for the revival of those famous fraternities which, with all their perils and evils, did great things in their dark and stormy day. But it is a yearning only, which must change itself into something more practical before we can take notice of it in settling the character of our actual institutions. We have no monks now—none of the self-devotion of the monk—none of the noble works which were the children of childless men. We must look to other sources of energy and duty. We must look to the natural devotion of men to a calling of their own choice, and their natural desire to earn, by honourable exertion, their own and their children's bread. The Fellows of Colleges are not celibates—they are men waiting for a College living to be married. These are your doctors and your tutors. Their life is cut in two; and both moieties are, too often, failures. They do not give themselves heartily to the work of study and teaching, because they know they will have to quit it; and when they quit it, they are often too old to give themselves heartily to anything else. By the help of unequalled prizes, which have had more to do with making men read at Oxford and Cambridge than the teaching, things shambled on tolerably well so long as the real studies of the place were limited to classics and mathematics. But now that a wider range is taken, and subjects are introduced which require the real devotion of a life, the system of bird-of-passage tuition and learning has totally broken down. Men cannot become great in political and physical science while they are looking for the death of an incumbent—more especially as half the year is lost in vacations, which the dulness of College life renders almost necessary to prevent a Fellow from becoming a human fossil before he is thirty.

The framers of the Oxford and Cambridge Acts have tried to meet the difficulty—which they could not overlook—by the extension and better endowment of the University Professoriate, leaving the College system as it is. We are afraid, as we have said before, that this device, natural and tempting as it was, will prove insufficient for the purposes of learning, and still more insufficient for the purposes of education. Professorial teaching, practically speaking, is teaching by public lectures; and teaching by public lectures is really useful and efficient in the case of physical science alone. Classics, mathematics, moral philosophy, history, political economy, to be taught properly must be taught catechetically, either to single pupils or to a small class—even ordinary College classes are found by experience to be too large. The attempt made at Oxford to teach Latin scholarship and composition by means of public lectures, must be said, we believe, to have proved unsuccessful, in spite of the great ability and energy of the Professor through whom it has been made. The standard of Latin scholarship is said to be declining; and the accomplishment of writing Latin verse, we fear, almost verges on extinction. Even in the case of physical science, it may be doubted whether the system of lecturing to large classes is not rather a matter of necessity than of choice—you cannot afford to repeat the necessary experiments for each individual pupil. As an intellectual stimulus, public lecturing may be occasionally useful in all subjects of instruction; but it cannot be looked to as the regular mode of teaching in any. Such, we are confident, would be the verdict of any man practically acquainted with the business of education. Besides this, Professors are and must be elected mainly for their learning; and it by no means follows, though it is often the case, that a learned man is a good teacher. We will not dwell on other evils of constant public lecturing to young, half-instructed, and enthusiastic audiences—evils which,

though they have been exaggerated by bigoted alarmists, are nevertheless but too real, and of which some Continental nations still feel the lamentable effects.

The Professoriate is better suited to the purposes of learning than to those of education. But even for the purposes of learning it is defective. It is too narrow, formal, and limited—it seeks too much to organize definitely that which in its nature is incapable of definite organization. Its theory is that you elect a man to represent, or rather to be, the genius and learning of the University in a particular subject, and that the man elected devotes his whole life to the special object of his chair. But things cannot be ordered after this fashion in the intellectual world. Your NEWTON is not forthcoming at the moment when the chair of Astronomy is vacant, and he appears a year or two after it is filled by a second-rate man, who may hold it for twenty years to come. An ADAM SMITH or a HUME passes, with advantage to the literary world, from history or political economy to moral philosophy, or *vice versa*, and it would be hard if in doing so he were compelled to forfeit his special chair. Some great minds, such as BACON and LEIBNITZ, take a still wider range—their proper sphere is the whole field of knowledge, and it would be a great evil to limit them to any part of it. We had occasion the other day to notice the breaking down of this theory of the exclusive devotion of Professors to their special subject, in the case of the Oxford Professoriate. The Oxford Professors of Hebrew and Greek are known to the world only as eminent theologians; the Professor of Ecclesiastical History seems to chafe at the idea of being confined to the history of the Church; the Professor of Latin has as yet only edited Greek plays; the writings of other eminent Professors wander far from the special subjects of their Professorships; and the chair of Modern History has long been silent, while the Professor announces a work on Moral Philosophy. The fact is, men of letters seek these professorships not so much from devotion to the special subject, as from the natural desire to get a permanent position and subsistence in a place of learning; and permanent fellowships, not forfeitable on marriage, would give this position and subsistence in a much easier and more convenient way.

We do not disguise from ourselves the difficulties which beset the settlement of this question from the established constitution of the Colleges, their strong cœnobic character, and even the structure of the buildings on which that character is so deeply impressed. As to the notion that the introduction of a few more families into Oxford or Cambridge would affect the morality of the students, it seems to us the most overstrained apprehension in the world. Simple and frugal family life, such as that of an intellectual man ought to be, is at least as edifying and improving a spectacle for the undergraduates as the present lives and habits of bachelor Fellows. For the soul-surviving body of monasticism—the once potent spirit having fled—we have no reverence whatsoever; we would remove it out of the path of rational improvement like any other antiquated obstruction. Difficult as the question is, University Reformers and University Commissioners must address their minds in earnest to its solution, if they mean really to bring into free play the vast wealth and power of the Colleges, and to enable them to stand their ground against other institutions, like the London University, which have the means of keeping the best teachers permanently in their service. The solution need not take the form of a sudden and sweeping revolution. Nor need it at first be the same for all Colleges. Some of them offer much clearer and safer ground for an experiment than others. But something must be done, on pain of leaving the great mass of the University endowments really unavailable for the purposes of “religion, learning, and education” in the present day, and allowing a movement in which so much energy and labour have been expended to fail of its most essential ends. The Oxford Colleges and Commissioners have let the matter pretty well out of their hands. But the Cambridge Commissioners have it still in their power; and we trust they will vigorously brace themselves to an effort which will make their work far more valuable and far more lasting than that of their Oxford rivals, valuable as that work is, and lasting as we hope many parts of it will be.

DELHI AND LUCKNOW.

WE have begun to anticipate the arrival of each successive mail from India altogether with new emotions. Hope has taken the place of fear. The tide has now fairly turned in our favour, and we have no fear of a disastrous

reflux. The last news from India is the most cheering that we have yet received, and there is good reason to believe that every new fortnightly message will be more full of hope and encouragement than its predecessor.

Delhi is once more occupied by British troops, and the **MOGUL** himself is a prisoner in our hands. A wretched old man, more than eighty years of age, the tool rather than the leader of the rebel host, it was fitting that clemency should be extended towards him—that he should be suffered to drag out in captivity the miserable remnant of his life. But the case of the **Shahzadahs** is widely different. They have not the excuse of age and imbecility to plead in behalf of their follies and their crimes. It may, indeed, be said that they did not hatch the plot out of which these great, though sad, events have arisen, but were thrown by force of circumstances into the midst of the conflict. Still they appear to have taken an active part in the strife, and to have continually excited the mutineers to new acts of violence. They deserve no mercy at our hands, and it appears that they are to expect none—the gibbet, the platoon, or the nine-pounder will settle the Delhi question for ever. In such cases, the most vigorous policy is, in the end, the most humane. Puppets of imperial or royal race exist only as centres of intrigue and rallying points of sedition. A mistaken sense of kindness has hitherto allowed the fallen princes of India to retain, not only the titular honours and dignities of the regal state, but wealth sufficient to support them. All over the world money is power. We have learnt now the danger of placing in the hands of our enemies weapons which may be turned against us. We have hitherto deluded ourselves with the belief that generous treatment would turn the hearts of such men towards us, and make them our friends and allies. But all whom we have supplanted, however they may disguise their feelings, are, we fear, our natural and implacable enemies. They may fawn upon us in the hour of our prosperity—they may hunt with us—they may revel with us—they may give us grand entertainments; but in the heart of the prostrate **MOGUL** or the de-throned King of **OUDE** burns the hereditary hatred of his supplanted race. We have learnt at least this lesson from the recent convulsions, and our future policy will doubtless be shaped in accordance with it. We shall be in no hurry to destroy the remaining native principalities of India; but, when compelled to suppress them, we shall leave, it is to be hoped, no more puppets with regal titles and regal treasures, to spring up, when the clouds gather around us, and hoist their standard over the palaces which our clemency has suffered them to retain.

It was truly said by a great military leader that there is nothing more terrible than a victory—except a defeat. The capture of Delhi has not been achieved without severe loss to the victors. It is stated that some 1200 of our soldiers, including sixty officers, were killed or wounded on the day of the assault—a larger number, in comparison with the entire force engaged, than has ever fallen in any similar engagement with the natives of India. This is to be attributed partly to the nature of the warfare—for in all probability our troops were entangled in the streets of Delhi, whilst the enemy fought under cover—partly to the lessons which the **Sepoys** have learnt from their old English instructors, and partly to the desperate character of the defence. It is not to be doubted that the mutineers fought well—fought as our **Sepoys** have never fought for us—fought with an obstinacy derived from the knowledge that they had set their lives upon the cast, and that to lose was certain destruction. But even greater than the despairing valour of the rebels has been the heroism of the British troops. The siege and capture of Delhi will rank with the most brilliant exploits of Indian history, and General **WILSON** will take his place among the foremost of the saviours of our Indian Empire.

Glorious as are the tidings of the capture of Delhi, the same mail has brought us intelligence of another event which, though not entitled to take precedence of it in the record of victory, is assuredly not less a subject for exultation and thankfulness. Sir **HENRY HAVELOCK** has relieved Lucknow. After a defence almost unexampled in history, both for the courage of the defenders and the sufferings they endured, the garrison were on the very point—not of yielding, for they would never have yielded—but of being destroyed by an agency which no fortitude could have resisted. The enemy had undermined the Residency, and would probably have succeeded in blowing the garrison into the air, when **HAVELOCK**, having carried the rebel's advanced position at Meenga-

sour, attacked the besieging force, routed them, and encouraged the heroic band which, for many long weeks, with unexampled constancy, had defied the multitude swarming around them and thirsting for their blood. It is hard to say whether, in that critical hour, the feelings of the relieved or of the relieving force were the more enviable. But not by the relief of the Residency were **HAVELOCK**'s labours brought to a close. The enemy's entrenchments were to be stormed—the city was to be re-occupied. This was rough work, not to be accomplished without heavy and irreparable loss. The recapture of Lucknow has cost the country a **NEILL**, as the recapture of Delhi has cost us a **NICHOLSON**. England mourns the fall of these brave men, and will not willingly let their memories die.

That, with the small force at **HAVELOCK**'s immediate disposal, the reconquest of the entire province of **Oude** could be attempted, was clearly not to be expected. We are neither surprised nor disappointed, therefore, to learn that **HAVELOCK** and **OUTRAM** have decided, after strengthening and securing the Lucknow garrison, to withdraw their little field-force, encumbered as it is with sick and wounded, to Cawnpore. Starting again from this point with reinforcements, the floods subsided, and the cold weather before them, they will finish, we cannot doubt, a brief and glorious campaign by the entire reconquest of the province of **Oude**.

WILSON and **HAVELOCK**, and all who have served under them, have done their duty in a manner which could not possibly have been surpassed. We rejoice that the great work has been done by them—that the two incidents of the Sepoy war which history will most delight to commemorate, have been brought about by the unaided efforts of the little band of warriors who withstood the first shock of the storm, and have ever since been battling against it. To such men there can be no reward equal to the knowledge of their success. Still the country is eager to see bestowed upon them the honours due to their splendid achievements. *Bis dat qui citò dat*. It is necessary, we know, to wait for the arrival of official despatches before complete lists of those who have earned the right to be recognised by their **SOVEREIGN** can be made out; but there need be no such delay in the case of the leaders. We know what **WILSON** and **HAVELOCK** have done without an official despatch.

The neck of the Sepoy revolt is now broken. What remains to be done will, we may reasonably hope, be achieved with comparative ease. There may still be here and there a convulsive action of the moribund body of rebellion, but when we consider the immense reinforcements sent from England, and now landing upon the shores of India, we may assure ourselves that its vital energies can never be restored. There is abundant cause of rejoicing in this; for we have demonstrated to all the world what a small body of Englishmen can do in the face of the most gigantic difficulties. The victory which we have gained is of the most glorious character, and it will incalculably raise the military character of the British in the eyes of all the nations of the East.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN BELGIUM.

ENGLISHMEN have a vested interest in the successful working of that political system which, under the auspices of this country, was inaugurated a quarter of a century ago in Belgium. It is with much satisfaction that we find that great political problem—the reconciliation of order with liberty—in the harmonious solution of which consist the greatness and happiness of our own nation, efficiently and tranquilly solved in the only countries which have adopted, in common with us, the principles of representative government. Our answer to that sycophantic press which offers up, morning and evening, throughout Europe, its incense to the thrones of “servitude and platitude,” is short, but conclusive—Look at England, Piedmont, and Belgium. While Belgium has had peculiar difficulties to overcome in the religious antagonism by which the sympathies of its population are divided, it has enjoyed an incalculable advantage in the experience of constitutional government which **LEOPOLD** carried with him from England, and in the eminent sagacity and good faith with which he has applied its principles to the system founded and consolidated under his rule. In the crisis through which the political constitution of Belgium has just passed, the **KING** has reaped the reward of a wise and honest policy in the good will and support of an intelligent and free people. It is cheering to an Englishman to find that the salt of freedom still, here and there, savours the heavy lump of

Continental absolutism—that there are Kings who can govern in security and peace by other titles than that of the sword—and that there are peoples who know how to maintain their liberties by other arts than those of revolution. This is a spectacle which gives confidence and hope to those who, in spite of all that has come and gone, still hold fast to their faith in freedom; and it is one—we may say it with gratitude and pride—which is only exhibited by those nations which have known how to deal fairly by representative institutions.

The course of the late crisis in Belgium so closely resembles the working of our constitutional system, that it affords not merely an instructive study to the political philosopher, but a salutary lesson to those who, trying all things by the vulgar test of success, are disposed to underrate the value of the principles by which our own liberties have been secured. It will be remembered that in the spring of the present year, the Ministry which has just resigned office in Belgium brought forward a Bill to alter the law with respect to charitable endowments. This Bill was part of a series of measures by which the *parti prêtre* has long been labouring to subvert the prudent compromise effected many years ago between the Liberal and the clerical parties, as to the conduct and control of national education. In the earlier days of Belgian liberty, the Catholic party had sufficient patriotism to allow national interests to prevail over sectarian ambition. But it is not in the nature of Ultramontanism to allow its votaries long to acquiesce in a policy of toleration and justice. The late Ministry of M. DEDECKER was, in fact, a Conservative coalition, comprising a fraction of the more moderate members of the Right (of whom Count VILAIN XIV. may be considered the chief), as well as the extreme and reactionary ministers who were the true representatives of the priesthood. This Administration being strong in the support of a Parliamentary majority, the clerical party believed the moment had arrived when they could safely strike a great blow. With what disregard of fairness and moderation they pushed their pretensions, may be judged from the fact that even the late Minister, M. DEDECKER—the most enlightened and able leader of the Catholic party—found it necessary to protest, in November, 1856, against the *souffle d'intolérance* which his own supporters breathed, and to declare that their schemes of education would only end in preparing for Belgium “une génération de *crétins*.” It was under such auspices that the famous “*Loi des couvens*” was brought forward. This measure instantly became a ground of quarrel between the antagonistic parties; and in spite of a most vehement and resolute opposition on the part of the Liberals in the Chamber, it was carried by a considerable majority. The success of the Government was followed immediately by serious disturbances in all the great cities, and the country was exposed to the very grave peril of a conflict between a Parliamentary majority and a considerable portion at least of the nation. Already the enemies of representative government throughout Europe had begun to raise a shout of triumph at the supposed discomfiture of the principles which they fear as much as they detest. The *Univers*, with the pious humanity for which it is so remarkable, began to ask, “What is the use of that army of a hundred thousand men which the Budget of Belgium supports at so great an expense?” But King LEOPOLD had studied Government in a different school from that in which MM. VEUILLON and GONDON have gathered their political wisdom. Instead of placing Brussels, Ghent, Liège, Antwerp, and Mons in a state of siege, he adjourned the Chambers—time was given for the excited passions of the people to cool, and for rational discussion to operate through the medium of a free press. The result was decisive and satisfactory. In June, when the adjournment took place, the clerical party believed themselves in possession of an assured majority; but, in October, the result of the communal elections, which are referred to a constituent body almost identical with that which returns the representatives to the Chambers, showed so marked a change in public opinion in favour of the Liberals, that the Government immediately resigned. We must say that in this respect M. DEDECKER and his colleagues showed a wise and patriotic deference to the principles of the Constitution. They might, no doubt, as their enraged clerical supporters demanded, have remained at their post, and insisted on governing by the existing Parliamentary majority. But as the sentiments of the nation had been clearly shown to be in opposition to the policy of which they were the organ, it would have been probably dangerous, as it would

clearly have been unpatriotic, to persist. The KING, acting strictly in the spirit of a constitutional sovereign, intrusted to M. ROGIER, the leader of the Liberal party, the task of forming a new Administration; and the Chambers have been further adjourned by the new Government with a view, as it is understood, to an immediate dissolution, which will doubtless give the Liberal party a majority at least as large as that which their predecessors in office enjoyed. We confess that this solution, though probably not very satisfactory to the *Univers*, seems to us a good deal more rational than the proposed mediation of the “army of a hundred thousand men.”

We hail the discomfiture, in the heart of the Roman Catholic population of Belgium, of that great conspiracy against liberty which bears the name of Ultramontanism, as a real and solid triumph for the cause of freedom in Europe. Representative institutions, and representative institutions alone, have shown themselves capable of resisting the insidious advances of this denationalizing and enslaving organization. Parliamentary Government has defeated the schemes of the *parti prêtre* in Belgium just as it has defeated them in Piedmont. In both cases, it is to be remarked that the question of dogmatic faith is wholly separable and separated from that of clerical domination; for nowhere in Catholic Europe are to be found populations more really pious, or more strictly devoted to their own faith, than those which raise their voices against the system which an Ultramontane clergy have attempted to impose on them in the dominions of VICTOR EMANUEL and LEOPOLD. It remains only for the Liberal party, by a moderate and generous policy, to consolidate the victory which they have gained by the violence and folly of their opponents. We are not surprised that the *Univers* should exclaim, with all the candour of passion and despair, “What else could be expected of a Parliamentary Government and a Free Press?” If political spite were not a sufficient motive to account for any amount of inconsistency, it might cause more legitimate astonishment that the *Spectateur*, which is supposed to be the organ of M. GUIZOT and the old Constitutional party, should be found among the bitterest assailants of those countries which still enjoy the institutions which the misconduct of that party chiefly discredited in France. Why they should display such an impotent hostility towards the few Constitutional Governments which still exist in Europe, is a question which the friends of M. GUIZOT would find it difficult to answer consistently with the political principles on which they pretend to appeal to an intelligent public opinion in France.

METROPOLITAN DRAINAGE.

WHEN a lawsuit becomes utterly unmanageable—when the jury faint at the prospect of the tangled and tedious evidence before them, and the judge despairs of getting through the case with satisfaction either to himself or the suitors—it is always contrived, by fair means or foul, to send it to a reference. How and when the matter ends, is a mystery known only to the unhappy victims. The great dispute which has been so long pending between the two Boards of Works has arrived at a stage at which neither Mr. THWAITES nor Sir BENJAMIN HALL can see their way to a solution. So the matter is referred again to engineers and deputies, who are expected to come to an agreement which their chiefs have found to be impossible. The most cheerful view to take of the situation is to look for some new intervention of Parliament to solve the difficulty; for this much at least is certain, as the result of two years' discussion and inquiry, that London never will be drained while the construction and rejection of plans are left to two departments so evenly balanced as those to which the legislature has entrusted the congenial duty of neutralizing each other's efforts.

Quite enough came out the other day at the conference between Sir BENJAMIN HALL and the deputation of the Metropolitan Board, to show that the differences to be got over are beyond the power of any conclave of engineers to settle. There are three things to be determined—what is to be done, who is to pay for it, and by what machinery the work is to be carried out. The last question alone belongs properly to professional authorities; and until the two preliminary points have been determined by the administrative Boards, it is altogether vain to ask a committee of engineers to devise the means for carrying out the project. How can the details of the scheme be determined on, while it is left

uncertain whether it is to cover 100 or 300 square miles, and while Sir BENJAMIN HALL and Mr. THWAITES profess themselves equally unable to guess where the funds are to come from? The Guildhall President declares that London can't afford the money; while the Government official pronounces it hopeless to expect assistance from the House of Commons. These are not petty details to be accommodated by a conference of engineers; and if they cannot be settled by some other means, we may go on inhaling the odours and miasma of the Thames until we attain to such a measure of old age as is permitted to those who dwell on the banks of our insalubrious river.

We think that a little common sense would go a long way to dispose of the two principal obstacles. There is no dispute as to the possibilities of the scheme. It is not possible to provide for the whole of the rain-fall by any system of sewers, because channels constructed to carry off all the water that falls in a day of pelting rain would be not only too large to be kept scoured in ordinary weather, but absolutely bigger than our streets could be made to hold. All the engineers are agreed in this; and the only difference between the rival plans is, that the one proposes to suffer the mixed rain and sewage to flow into the river during ten or a dozen of the wettest days in the year, while the other claims the privilege of polluting the river for about ten days more. The difference is simply one of degree, and it does not need any science to say whether the larger scheme is, or is not, worth the extra cost and inconvenience.

The next contest is still further removed from the province of the professionals. Mr. THWAITES says, the Act requires him to drain the metropolis, which includes, according to the Parliamentary definition, about 117 square miles. Sir BENJAMIN—having, luckily for him, nothing to do with the financial part of the enterprise—takes a grander view, and requires the system of drainage to include not only the metropolitan area itself, but the whole of the tributary valleys which have their outfall within the metropolitan limits. This interpretation just trebles the area to be dealt with; and, indeed, if his principle were carried out to its logical conclusion, it would increase it tenfold. The argument for the more magnificent scheme is, that the Act meant the whole of the metropolis to be purified. This cannot be perfectly done unless every branch of the Thames which enters the main stream within the prescribed limits, is freed from pollution up to its source. That, therefore, is the task which the Chief Commissioner prescribes to the London Board. Such a plan may be very desirable if it can be carried out; but grand as it is, it halts half way. If all the little feeders of the Thames are required by the Act to be cleansed up to their sources, however remote from the metropolis, why does not the same rule apply to the largest feeder of all—the great branch which passes through Oxford, and Kingston, and Richmond, gathering impurity as it flows? If there is any foundation for Sir BENJAMIN'S theory that every stream which falls into the metropolitan district must be absolutely freed from contamination at every point of its course, the system of London drainage must extend not merely to the upper valley of the Wandle or the Ravensbourne, but to the sources of the Thames in the Buckinghamshire hills, and the valley of the Isis far beyond Oxford. It is possible that there may be particularly objectionable streams which it would be worth while to improve from points somewhat beyond the metropolitan limits; but to lay down such a law on the subject as Sir BENJAMIN has done, is to travel quite out of the region of sober common sense. If Sir BENJAMIN were Aladdin, and Mr. THWAITES the Genie of the Lamp, it would be all very well; but as the project is one intended to be carried out by human means, it would be as well to keep within the limits of possibility.

Then, again, with respect to the outfall. We know that Sea Reach is further off than Erith, and we are willing to believe the engineers, who say that it is in other respects a better point of discharge. But it is quite certain that to send the sewage down to Erith Reach is much better than only to talk of sending it all the way to Mucking; and there is no particular wisdom in rejecting what can be done, because, if we were able, we should like to do something better. The Metropolitan Board propose to carry the whole refuse of London and its suburbs a dozen miles down the river. Sir BENJAMIN says it would be much better to include the drainage of all the surrounding country, and take it thirty miles away. Of course it would; but the one scheme would cost three times as much as the other, and we are not

surprised that there should be some hesitation about raising the necessary funds from the metropolis alone. Sir BENJAMIN HALL talks lightly of 5,000,000*l.*, but it is no trifling sum to add to the existing liabilities of London; and the actual cost, even on the present estimates, would be at least a million or two more, since even Sir BENJAMIN admits that the open ditches of his referees must be converted into covered drains. We are not at all advocating a niggardly execution of a great undertaking; but if our plans are to be grand, they need not be mad, and it is madness to expect London alone to do more than provide for its own necessities.

The drainage of London and its suburbs is a sober scheme of metropolitan improvement which ought perhaps to be provided for by local taxation; but the purification of the whole valley of the Thames is a stupendous national work to which the whole nation ought to contribute. If the resources of the metropolis are to bear the entire burden, we do not see with what justice the Metropolitan Board can be asked to extend their scheme, on the one hand, to the remotest valley whose waters fall into the Thames, and, on the other, to the German Ocean. No council of engineers can settle a question of this kind. Parliament must decide whether it will assist in the construction of this work on a scale worthy of the country, or permit London to execute a more limited design, which will at any rate relieve us from the greater part of the annoyance and injury which we have so long endured. The more liberal would, in our opinion, be the wiser course; but any decision will be better than the perpetual postponement of a work which has been under discussion for a quarter of a century.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE has ventured to speak his mind to his countrymen, and state explicitly what he considers to be the present position of their Universities. Generally, Scotch patriots are in the habit of washing their dirty linen at home, and of assuring the world that they enjoy Universities almost perfect, and a Kirk singularly free and enlightened. Professor Blackie takes a very different line. He does not spare plain speaking, and he puts his thoughts in a very strong light. He sees "the most glaring defects and the most unmitigated absurdities tolerated" in the Scotch Universities. He finds in the educational body a dead level of mediocrity, and in the clergy the narrowness of self-satisfied ignorance. The Universities are scarcely known in the wide republic of European research, and "no pious thinker," he feels confident, "if harassed with religious doubts, the solution of which lies in the deeper region of historical research and philosophical criticism, will think of applying to a Scotch divine." Nor is it only that a positive deficiency is apparent in Scotland. Professor Blackie has had the comparative inferiority of Scotch to English Universities impressed on him by a recent visit to Oxford. There are, however, remedies which he thinks may be applied, and from which he expects a radical alteration for the better. It is interesting to see what these remedies are, and what are the more particular evils to which he addresses himself. Before, however, entering on them, we will notice briefly one or two points with reference to which he finds fault with Oxford.

The most important of these is, that Oxford does not teach the poor. The English Universities are not the universities of the nation, but of the upper classes. In Scotland, the poor attend any curriculum in the university which most attracts their fancy—a weaver snatches a hurried hour to analyse his moral conceptions, and a policeman returns from his beat to work out an equation. But, then, Oxford has a compensation. The students there are few, but they enjoy sufficient leisure to make the analysis tolerably complete, and to work out the equation right. If the poor are to be taught, it is obvious that the standard of teaching must be very low, or the instruction really received very superficial. There are exceptions—there are lads of genius, of wonderful industry, of special aptitude for particular lines of study, who are fit to receive the highest instruction, although they have been brought up in a cottage. But if the grammar and elementary schools throughout the country are put on a proper footing, the English Universities will be able to provide every person of this sort with an education. It is true that they will not give him a cheap education, but they will pay for his receiving a dear one. Their enormous wealth provides a fund by which they are enabled to receive the poor into an expensive system. Nor can we look at this question apart from the general condition of English society. We may admit that a lad of moderate abilities and small means is undoubtedly debarred, under the present system, from enjoying the advantages of a University education. But, if such persons went to Oxford or Cambridge, what would become of them afterwards? They must either take orders, or swell the ranks of the humbler class of pedagogues. In the former capacity, they would do a great deal more harm than good, and would tend to reduce the English to the level of the Scotch Church. In the latter, it must be admitted that it would be an advantage

if the humblest usher had at one period of his life been brought into contact with men of high cultivation. But it remains to be seen whether, under the arrangements of the two Commissions, the application of the funds will not be so regulated that almost every one who is fitted to profit in any great degree from this contact will have a fair chance of securing a maintenance at one of the English Universities.

Secondly, Professor Blackie objects that at Oxford professional studies are almost wholly excluded. This is not quite true. If Professor Blackie would wish that not only the general and fundamental, but also the technical and practical parts of a profession should be taught at Universities, it is true that the opinion in the English Universities, after long and full discussion, and on grounds which we think unassailable, is against him. But it cannot be said that professional education is wholly neglected at Oxford. The clergy are not taught their parochial duties, but they receive instruction in theology as good, perhaps, as the present state of religious opinion in England will permit. In medicine there is excellent general instruction; and when the professorial scheme is completely carried out, under the arrangements of the Commission, there will be even a wider sweep of medical instruction offered. But Oxford can never be a great school of clinical surgery or medicine, simply because the population of the town and neighbourhood is too small to supply patients. We cannot expect an admiring peasantry to jump off houses or sniff drains in order to supply interesting cases. As to law, the final arrangements of the University and the Commission are not yet known; but in one branch of it the University not only proposes to give professional instruction, but has set the first example of looking on a great calling as a distinct profession by instituting a professorship of International Law, which is intended, primarily, to be serviceable to those who wish to enter the diplomatic service.

The deficiencies of the Scotch Universities alleged by Professor Blackie are principally, two. He says that these Universities have the wrong kind of students, and the wrong kind of teachers—objections certainly of a very serious nature, and going to what Scotch divines call "the root of the whole matter." The students are a great deal too uneducated and a great deal too young. Consequently, the professor's lectures, if in the least good, are wasted on them. They learn nothing, and the professor is discouraged. There can, we think, be no doubt that for lads of fourteen or fifteen, often imperfectly acquainted with the rudiments of grammar, the professorial system is wholly unsuited. They are schoolboys, and their teacher ought to be a schoolmaster. If the Scotch like a grand name, they can call the schoolmaster a sub-professor; but anyhow his business will be to dun the elements of learning into backward boys. The professor ought to be in a higher sphere altogether. He ought only to teach advanced pupils, and he ought to have leisure sufficient to enable him to keep the standard of Scotch learning up to the European standard. But if professors qualified to do this are a national deficiency—and we suppose that Professor Blackie's authority may be taken as indisputable—we may be sure that they can only be had on two conditions. They must be appointed by some other machinery than boards of local grocers and hatters, each furious for the advancement of his peculiar shade of Calvinism; and they must be adequately paid.

Here lies the gist of the whole matter—the Scotch Universities are miserably poor. Professor Blackie points this out, and says, somewhat innocently, "Oxford is rich, let us be rich too." If we could get riches by simply forming good resolutions, who would be poor? We do not see any hope of a sum being collected in Scotland, or in any way extracted from the tight pockets of its inhabitants, which would give the Universities all they require. But gradually scholarships and exhibitions, or, as the Scotch call them, bursaries, might be instituted. If an example were once set, it might perhaps become a custom to found scholarships in order to commemorate causes of national pride and rejoicing. The tutorial or sub-professorial part of an improved scheme might easily be made self-supporting. There remains the endowment of five or six professorships, with a good income each, to be provided for. Can the Imperial Parliament be persuaded to supply the necessary sum? It is difficult to say; for it is one of the established rules of Parliamentary experience, that with regard to Scotch questions none take any part except the Scotch members, and the Scotch members are always divided in opinion—so that there is a want of motive power when Scotch interests have to be dealt with. But looking at the reason of the thing, and on general principles, we do not see why the money should not be given. The Crown has bestowed munificent endowments on the English Universities, and in recent years large sums have been spent on Ireland for kindred purposes. It may fairly be said that it is a national object that the intellectual status of the Scotch clergy should be raised. If we give 30,000*l.* a-year to Maynooth in order to improve the Irish clergy, why not give a sixth of that sum to improve the Scotch? If we could be sure that five well-endowed Professorships would have an appreciable influence in effecting this object, we might safely say that the money would be well laid out. We presume that the intellectual condition of the Scotch clergy is not a matter of dispute. Excellent as often are their lives, and unimpeachable as is their moral character, it is quite an exception to find one who occupies himself with any higher exercise of thought than that of calcu-

lating the Millennium, so as to make it fall at a distance of time tolerably safe and yet tolerably exciting. Professor Blackie suggests, that if a few good professors are provided, this class of theologians may be got rid of. We are not quite confident as to the result; but we think the experiment worth trying.

LEVIATHAN.

WE have had a good many theories about the failure of the launch of the *Leviathan*, but its true cause was only brought to light on Monday last, by one of the contributors to the *Record*. The article in which he communicates his discovery to the world is perhaps the most surprising of the many curious additions which our contemporary has made to our knowledge of the principles which regulate the providential government of the world. The subject is introduced gradually and cautiously. "We are not superstitious," says the *Record*, "and have not much faith in omens. Curious coincidences, however, do sometimes occur which almost require a passing notice from thoughtful observers of that Providence that includes the greatest and the smallest events in its comprehensive range." There is something exquisitely ludicrous in the whole structure of this sentence, and in its unconscious, and, so to speak, orthodox impudence. "If we were superstitious," it says in effect, "and had great faith in omens, we should often dwell upon the circumstances which illustrate the providential government of all things. Not being superstitious, but rather sceptical, we are still forced to admit that curious coincidences sometimes occur, which almost require a passing notice from thoughtful observers," &c. The spectacle of the *Record* complimenting Providence from a superior position, and being compelled to admit that, subject to no less than four qualifications, it occasionally produces something which may merit a "passing notice" from a liberal curiosity, is very characteristic.

The substance of the article more than fulfils the promise of the preamble. The launch of the *Great Eastern*, we are told, was to take place. "The Siamese ambassadors were there." A young lady breaks a bottle of wine on the ship's side, and names her the *Leviathan*. "Five or ten minutes afterwards, by an unaccountable mistake of some workmen in slackening a chain they were told to tighten, the labour of thousands for months is made fruitless for at least a month to come. One life is sacrificed, and four or five endangered, and the vessel sticks on its cradles and will not move." What is the "curious coincidence" in this unfortunate occurrence? It all came of the wickedness of the name. "Infernal," "Styx," "Pluto," may be tolerated, though they cannot be praised; but above "*Leviathan*" the line must be drawn. It was, "for such a vessel, not a little tinged with profaneness." Whether for any other vessel it might have been otherwise, we are not told; but the reasons which make it profane are well worth notice. Milton compared Satan to *Leviathan*. Hobbes named his famous treatise *Leviathan*; but, above all, "*Leviathan*," with all deep theologians, is a scriptural synonym for the devil." And thus the *Record* informs us, "The great *Leviathan* no sooner receives its most inauspicious, repulsive name than Providence puts a hook in its nose, and forbids it to proceed any further on its way." Many well-meaning people have allowed themselves to imagine that a continual reference to sacred subjects, the free use of sacred language, and a certain conventional solemnity of tone, confer upon almost any writer a religious character, and give him a certain claim to respect. We hope that the passage we have quoted will have some tendency to show them the imbecility and profanity with which such a style is often associated. Can anything be more absurd than the statement that *Leviathan* "is a scriptural synonym for the devil"? The word is, we think, mentioned four times in the Bible, and in only one of the passages (Isaiah xxvii. 1) is there the least justification for such an assertion. In the other three, the substitution would make utter nonsense. Thus, in the 74th Psalm, in speaking of the deliverance of the children of Israel, it is said (in obvious reference to the passage of the Red Sea)—"Thou brakest the heads of the dragons in the waters, thou brakest the head of *Leviathan* in pieces, and gavest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness." What would be the sense of saying, "Thou brakest the head of the devil in pieces, and gavest him to be meat to the people?" If we are to suppose that "*Leviathan*" means the devil, we shall arrive at the strange conclusion that he is the most excellent and wonderful work of God, for it is as a striking illustration of the divine power and wisdom that he is described in the 41st chapter of Job; and in the passage which obviously suggested the name of the ship, the psalmist says—"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them; all the earth is full of Thy riches. So is the great and wide sea also, wherein are both small and great beasts. There go the ships—there is that *Leviathan* whom Thou hast made to play therein." How would it do to read, "there is that devil?" It is, perhaps, worth while to observe, that those who so stupidly denounce tradition, and profess so high a reverence for the Bible, want some better authority than that of "deep theologians" for the assertion, that when the authors of the book of Job, or of the Psalms, spoke of a colossal sea animal, they always meant the devil.

The climax of this monstrous passage is its conclusion. Independently of the clumsiness and unseemliness of the joke about the

hook put into the ship's nose, can we conceive anything more pitiful and more profane than the whole conception which the passage shows of the method and objects of the divine government of the world? There is no better test for discovering whether a statement is in itself profane or not, than that of expressing it in the simple language of common life, stripped of the veil with which what is conventionally looked upon as reverential language has surrounded it. Occasionally, no doubt, we obtain strange results from the application of this method, but the profanity is chargeable on those who commit, and not those who expose it. In plain words, the *Record* informs its readers that God was so angry with the directors of the Great Eastern for changing its name to the *Leviathan* that He killed one of their workmen, and wounded four others, besides inflicting great expense upon the directors themselves. What is the character of this action? Can any one describe it by any other words than capricious, cruel, and utterly unjust. Can we suppose that the earliest intimation that it is wrong to call a ship *Leviathan* should come in a form at once so terrible and so slightly and questionably connected with the fact, that even the *Record* itself only suggests, without daring to assert, the inference? The peculiarity of the article is that it does not claim to be a revelation, but only a pious opinion—a conclusion founded upon our knowledge of the Divine character. Eminent divines, and especially Bishop Butler, have no doubt argued with great force against the objections to the morality of revelation, founded upon its recognition of vicarious suffering, by showing that vicarious suffering frequently occurs in the ordinary course of human events; but they have always treated the fact as a mystery, the weight of which had to be alleviated by such considerations. It never would have occurred to Bishop Butler to infer A's sin from B's punishment, merely because we are unable to deny that in some cases B is punished when A has sinned. Nothing is easier than to make God and the Devil change places by turning exceptions into rules. A firm believer in the goodness of God may submit to the spectacle of a child suffering the agony of a lifetime for its father's sins, because he supposes it to form part of some wise and good scheme; but what should we think of a person who was attracted to God by the supposition that it was His special characteristic to punish the innocent? Yet this is clearly the doctrine of the *Record*. It snatches at an opportunity of showing the Maker of the Universe to be as unjust, and narrow-minded, and cruel as itself. It rejoices in the opportunity of gratuitously ascribing conduct to God of which a man would be ashamed. "The only omen," we are told, which the name of *Leviathan* can supply, "is that the immense monster is likely to dive unexpectedly, like its namesake, and drag down its crew and passengers to destruction." The *Record* is a great believer in the Providential government of the world, and it can hardly suppose that the life or death of several thousand persons can be a matter of trifling importance in the eyes of their Maker; yet it dares to anticipate that He would destroy them all, because the name of their ship was, in some gloomy minds, associated with the devil. We do not hesitate to say, that such a suggestion is blasphemous in the extreme. It can only be justified by a conception of the Divine character which we hardly like to describe in plain language, for it would be irreverent to ascribe, even hypothetically, to the Almighty the attributes of a being capable of wreaking such a grudge, at such an expense, upon a senseless mass of wood and iron. The most imbecile slave of passion ever produced by the idleness, the tyranny, and the reckless self-indulgence of an Eastern Court, would recoil from the wickedness of sinking a ship because he did not like its name; and yet this is the kind of conduct which the *Record* attributes to God.

The profanity of this extraordinary theory is hardly more injurious than its gross superstition. The *Record* is apt enough to triumph over the Papist who believes in Ecstasies or winking virgins, or to groan over the "blindness" of sailors who object to sailing on a Friday, but these things are harmless or even graceful fancies in comparison with the monstrous theory which we have exposed. It is bad enough to believe that a ship with an unlucky name will sink, but when this is coupled with the doctrine that it will be destroyed as a judicial punishment on those who named it, superstition reaches its worst form, and strikingly displays its origin. It is almost always the offspring of base, mean, and cruel conceptions of the Divine character. Couple a belief in the great truth that God governs the world with a belief in the base and degrading falsehood that he governs it on principles which any moderately rational man would disavow, and the course of Providence will inevitably be regarded as a compound of the petty revenges, spiteful tricks, and narrow-minded cruelties which are the natural element of bigotry.

JUDICIAL STATISTICS OF 1856.

THE form of the annual Judicial Statistics of England and Wales has been condensed, and therefore improved. Henceforth the returns are to be arranged under the three separate heads of Police and Constabulary—Criminal Proceedings—and Prisons. We have now before us an interesting Blue-book—well arranged and digested by Mr. Samuel Redgrave, Criminal Registrar—relating to the two latter heads, which we gladly accept as the first instalment of a very useful record. But it must be taken only for what it is worth. It presents facts which are sure to turn out of value—many of

them of large and immediate value—but we must remember that all such statistics require a long series of averages to render them thoroughly available to the student of moral and social economies. The causes which determine the annual ratio of detected crime are so evanescent and transitory, and so much of mere accidental changes this ratio, that there is great danger of premature generalizations on the subject. Nor, under any circumstances, can we get more than an approximation to materials for solving the question whether crime is or is not on the increase. All that judicial inquiries prove is the existence of suspected or detected crime. They furnish a measure of the activity of the police rather than of the morals of the people.

The first and broadest fact established by the returns before us looks well for optimistic views of the national morals. The total number of commitments in 1856 stands at 19,437, against 25,972 in 1855, and 29,359 in 1854. The decrease is most marked in cases of petty theft, but much of it is to be attributed to the operation of the Criminal Justice Act, which gives summary jurisdiction to justices in minor matters of larceny. Still, we trust that it is substantial. Comparing quinquennial periods, we find the total commitments in 1837–1841, 126,096—in 1842–1846, 136,852—in 1847–1851, 141,771—and in 1852–1856, 129,335. As we have said, this may only show less activity, or less luck, in the detection of crime, and may point to an inefficient police rather than to an improving population. At any rate, however, the melancholy precedent of the termination of the war in 1815 has not been followed, when offences of violence against the person were at once doubled. The increase in this serious department of crime is scarcely one per cent.; but it must be remembered that the Peace of 1815 was followed by a great commercial stagnation, while, under similar circumstances in our own times, emigration and activity in trade have absorbed the dangerous elements of a disbanded military force.

A reaction—and to our minds a satisfactory one—is to be noticed in the increased severity of sentences against the graver crimes. We had certainly touched the limits of a false humanity; and 69 sentences of death in 1856 against 50 in 1855, and 49 in 1854, indicate a more wholesome state of judicial feeling. The capital executions in 1856 are nearly double the average; and the year which was marked by the exceptional cases of Palmer, Dove, Deda Redanics, Bousfield, and Marley, appears to have concentrated, as it were, in specific cases of guilt, the floating amount of crime which, in other years, was spread over a larger area of less distinguished and less abominable offences. It is with no satisfaction that the perfectionist must be reminded that aggravated quality seems to make up for diminished quantity. The convictions for murder—31 in 1856—are against 11, 11, 17, 16, 16, 11, 19, 23, 19, in the nine preceding years.

A serious fact which seems to be established—and it is one which demands investigation—is an ominous and steady increase in female crime. Twenty years ago, the proportion of female criminals to males was under 20 in the 100. It gradually mounted to 30·6 per cent. in 1855; and though in 1856 it fell to 26·0, this must be attributed to the operation of the Criminal Justice Act, the provisions of which relate to simple larceny, in which the female commitments are in excess. But the tables assure us that there is no ground for hoping that, in more serious offences, female crime has fallen off. It is a frightful fact that of 82 persons charged with murder, actually more than one half (42) were females. In ten years, of 96 persons executed, 13 have been females. England bears out the old rule, *furere quid femina possit*. A woman cannot well commit burglary, housebreaking, and highway robbery, but Mr. Redgrave is right in remarking that, "in cases where the worst passions are aroused, the criminal records bear painful evidence of the amount of female crime. Of 82 persons charged with murder, 42 were females; of 41 charged with attempts to murder, 11 were females; of 282 charged with stabbing and poisoning, 45 were females; and in arson, of 107 persons charged, 21 were females." Sir Erskine Perry and his friends ought to ponder the fact that whereas, of 100 crimes of violence committed against the person in 1839, only 11 were chargeable to females, the proportion has now risen to 18.

A paragraph may well be devoted to the remarkable fact that the whole cost of Palmer's prosecution amounted to 7532*l*.

The statistics of the prisons are at once ample and instructive. The increase of commitments of debtors under civil process has doubled since the passing of the Small Debts Act—a proof rather that that Act has done its work than that its principle was sound. 11,406 debtors incarcerated in 1856, against 4527 in the previous year, afford a melancholy proof that perhaps we have not got hold of the most profitable treatment of the insolvent.

At present, taking only the strictly criminal portion of the commitments, the proportion of criminals to population is 1 in 180 of the whole population. This must be taken with abatements, because one person may be committed several times in the year; but the daily average of the inmates of our prisons is 17,754. It is some satisfaction to learn that our supply in this melancholy provision for sin exceeds the demand, as we have accommodation for more than 26,000; but unless there is some mistake in the figures, there are certain rare cases in which we want another Howard. The Westminster House of Correction, which is only constructed for 348 persons, maintains a daily average of 907 inmates. It is almost incredible that, in a prison where there is only accommodation for 124 females, there should have been, as the tables show, on one occasion, 649 women crowded into the loathsome den. It is no wonder that,

out of the 6195 who have passed through the place referred to, as many as 4533 have been visited with sickness, though it is surprising that only 13 have died. But this very exceptional case must surely admit of some explanation.

The costs of crime are accurately detailed in the returns before us. The staff of prison officers, ranging from governors and chaplains downwards, in England and Wales, is 2352—an average of one officer to seven inmates; and the annual cost of a prisoner is 29*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* per head—of which 8*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* is charged to buildings, 10*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* to officers, and 10*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* to food and clothing. For eleven years this average has not materially varied, the total annual cost of prisons being 515,917*l.* The Government prisoners cost more per head; but the increased charge for maintenance is accounted for by their more laborious work and the smaller proportion of females. In the Government prisons, the annual outlay varies from 27*l.* per head at Portsmouth to 36*l.* at Millbank, and averages 31*l.* per head. But then the profits paid in money from the prisoner's earnings, which are in the County prisons 24*s.* per head, are 34*s.* in the Government prisons. Estimating the value of the public works executed by the convicts, the average earnings of a Government prisoner are 12*l.* 5*s.* each per annum—in other words, a Portland convict costs 31*l.*, and earns 12*l.* It may be remarked that criminal lunatics are kept at a less annual cost than the inmates of prisons.

Of the cost and results of the Reformatory Institutions it is too early to speak. Materials are given us for forming conclusions on the connexion of ignorance with crime; but it hardly requires figures to establish a truism that is beyond or before statistics, which, after all, are not of much value. It is recorded that only 1 prisoner in 20 can read well—33 per cent. can neither read nor write at all—33 per cent. are said to be able to read and write imperfectly—and only 3 in 1000 have had superior education. But nothing can be known of those who conceal their instruction, or of those who have forgotten it. That the uneducated, however, are the dangerous classes, we want no Blue-book to assure us. Nor, as Mr. Redgrave sensibly remarks, "does it need these figures to prove that youth is the great season of crime; but it would not have been so readily admitted that the commitments number nearly as many persons under twenty-one years of age as in the whole period of life." 34.2 per cent. of the whole criminal population consists of persons under twenty-one years—a fact which, while it justifies, ought also to animate the exertions of the friends of Reformatories.

A table is given of the proportion of commitments to population, descending from 1 in 98 in Middlesex, to 1 in 1849 in Monmouthshire. This fact may possibly prove, as the poet tells us, that God made the country, and man made the town, and that crime has a centripetal tendency to the metropolis, while purity and innocence tenant the hills and dales of Wales; but it may also only show the superiority of Peelers to the parish constable. And it has been remarked—we forget where—that when crime does exist in Wales, it is distinguished by a character of unusual ferocity and violence. Moreover—though this is an ugly estimate of the fact, which we are not desirous to press—some old-fashioned people will remember that, if Wales is honourably distinguished by the paucity of its criminals, it is equally remarkable for the poverty of its education. In conclusion, we may state that, of the inmates of prisons, 1 in 680 dies, and 1 in 961 becomes insane.

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.

MR. TOM TAYLOR has produced a new play at the Hay-market, which has met with a most unequivocal success. Although flat in some of its earlier parts, and weighted with two or three very uninteresting minor characters, it is on the whole spirited and entertaining, and the last of the three acts is new, amusing, and lively. The plot turns on the history of a blacksmith's daughter who marries a baronet, disgusts her husband by her inaptitude for fine society, and finally, learning the lesson he wishes her to acquire, disgusts him still more by the change in her manners, her principles, and her feelings. At the end, she throws off her mask of affectation, and having convinced her husband that simplicity is best, shows that she is simple still. This is the moral of the *Unequal Match*; but another sense is also given to the words. There is a hollow-hearted coquette who has once rejected the baronet before he came to his honours and his wealth, who sneers at his humble choice, and determines to win back the heart she has once had offered her. She succeeds so far as to entangle her old lover in a desperate flirtation, but in the end the wife makes her husband feel the superiority of honest affection and genuine worth, and the coquette is discovered to have entered on an "unequal match."

The three acts represent three different stages in the career of the unequally assorted couple. The first gives the rustic courtship, when the lover carries his mistress's milk-pails; but the prettiness of the scenery, and the careful taste with which everything is put on the stage, can scarcely reconcile us to the insipidity of bucolic happiness. In the second act, all the personages of the drama are collected in a manor-house, and although eighteen months have now elapsed, Lady Arneliff is still supposed to be so rustic that she runs out before breakfast to bind up the sheaves of corn in a harvest-field. Meantime, the grand people who are staying with her and her husband meet to criticise and laugh at her. Mrs. Montresor, the coquette, takes advantage of the occasion to irritate her old lover against his

wife; and she paints the rustic folly of Lady Arneliff in such colours, that on that lady returning from her harvesting, she is received by her husband with a conjugal lesson of the most severe kind. He is soon afterwards ordered off to Ems for his health, and he leaves his wife abruptly. Mrs. Montresor follows him, and so ends the second act. Part of it is effective, but the fine folk are dismally stupid, and the general cast is not pleasant. The third act makes the fortune of the play. We are now carried to the Continent, and find Mrs. Montresor and her old lover stationed at the watering-place of Seidlitz-Stinking. The life of a German village is excellently hit off, and there is a great deal of fun drawn from a very old source of jokes—the smallness of the armies of the petty princes of Germany. The force of the Duke of Seidlitz-Stinking consists of two men—the Duke having been enabled to double his army by the fortunate discovery of the baths. The greatest merit of the act is that it gives an opening to Mr. Buckstone, who has been thrown away in the two preceding acts. He is an English doctor, who has come to the Continent as body-physician to Mrs. Montresor, and who has been appointed court-physician to the Duke, and has the care of the new baths committed to him. His self-importance, his airs of consequence among the German landlords and waiters, his directions to the dual army, his account of the extreme nastiness, and therefore extreme efficacy, of the spring, are exceedingly entertaining. The piece is brought to an end by a most violent contrivance. Lady Arneliff has spent the year of her husband's absence in making herself a fine lady, and, at length, possessed of every accomplishment, and of the most finished airs, she crosses to the Continent, and there falls in with the Duke of Seidlitz-Stinking, who pays her the most devoted attention. She appears at the watering-place, treats her husband with the utmost coolness, and makes her rival retire in desperation. When her triumph is thus achieved, she lets her husband and the audience know that her heart is as it was when she milked the cows in the first act, and the curtain falls on the felicity which this avowal produces.

Some of the dialogue is very pointed, and some of the jokes are very good; but we cannot think the piece one of a very high character. It is only in its burlesque parts that it reaches excellence. The high life part is more than usually uninteresting, and the improbabilities of the plot are overwhelming. It affords, however, room for the display of three pieces of very good acting. Mr. Farren, as Sir Harry Arneliff, exhibits the ease, the vivacity, and the good taste which are rapidly carrying him to a high rank in his profession. Mr. Compton takes the part of Blenkinsop, "own gentleman" to Sir Harry, and the pompous dignity and grave conceit of this princely flunkey are given by Mr. Compton so well, that the audience repays every sentence he utters with a roar of laughter. Miss Amy Sedgwick plays Lady Arneliff. It is a difficult part to play, as she has to sustain three characters so different as those of a village maiden, a bride frightened by her guests, and a fine lady triumphing over a rival. She shows herself quite equal to the task she has undertaken, and acts throughout with an evenness of success which proves that her merits are many and high. There is not, we think, any very great promise in her performance; she will not console veteran playgoers for the loss of their old favourites; but she is a very useful accession to the strength of the London stage.

REVIEWS.

LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S book has been so long and so anxiously looked for, and its publication has been met by a demand so unusually large, that the first question which suggests itself to any one who has read two or three hundred pages of the volume is, whether the expectations its announcement has awakened will be satisfied. Those who turn to it for scientific information will be most amply rewarded by the records of minute and careful observation, by the results of broad generalizations, and by the graphic descriptions which it contains of the physical geography and of the flora and fauna of South Africa. Those who take interest in following the adventures and examining the conduct of a brave, acute, large-hearted man, in his contest with natural obstacles and in his relations with savage tribes, will find that Dr. Livingstone has displayed all the qualities which we are proud to claim as most characteristic of Englishmen. But the lovers of an exciting narrative will probably wish that they came sooner to the end of surveys of districts and rivers they never heard of, and lists of tribes with barbarous and unpronounceable names. And those who love to feast on the conventional language of missionary travels, and delight in the facile outpourings of religious self-complacency, will be shocked and disappointed to discover themselves handed over to a missionary who speaks on religious subjects very little, very feelingly, and very sensibly. Among the great merits of Dr. Livingstone, it is, in our opinion, infinitely the greatest that he speaks soberly and discreetly of the religion which it has been the business of his nobly-spent life to

* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Murray. 1857.

inculcate. We are not astonished that an Englishman should have made his way from one coast of Africa to the other without any European companion, for if such an undertaking is within the compass of mortal man, it is within the compass of English pluck and self-reliance. We are not astonished that a good man should conciliate and sway whole tribes of savages, for a heart filled with religious zeal is gifted with a magnetic influence. But that an emissary of the London Missionary Society—a Scotchman—a man attached to, and satisfied with, the popular evangelical theology—should write on religious subjects with a reverential reserve, should take a broad view of men and things, and keep himself within the limits of rigid truth, is as surprising as it is gratifying. There is too much of the dove in the ordinary missionary—too much innocence and too much cooing; and it is encouraging to find one who adds something of that prudence, that justness of perception, and that silent watchfulness, which we conceive to be included in the “wisdom of the serpent.”

Dr. Livingstone owes his superiority to his fellows, partly to the great moral gifts with which nature has endowed him—more especially to that love of exact truth which, equally with a proneness to deliberate falsehood, is so rare an accompaniment of what is technically called a religious character—and partly to his sincere enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and his feeling of the greatness and marvellousness of the universe. In a very interesting sketch of his early life, placed at the beginning of his volume, he tells us that scientific works and books of travel were his especial delight, though his father, who “ought to have known better,” would have preferred to have seen him poring over the *Cloud of Witnesses* or *Boston's Fourfold State*. While still a lad, he made himself acquainted with the plants and geology of Lanarkshire; and after he had determined to devote himself to the life of a missionary, he qualified himself by going through the medical curriculum at Glasgow. No one can read this volume without being struck, not only with the width and keenness of observation which the author displays in noting down the natural phenomena presented to him in his journeys, but with the genuineness of the delight with which it is obvious he looked on all he saw. In a very remarkable passage, he tells us how his sense of natural beauty has preserved him from the morbid analysis and exaggerated description of human wickedness which are so common in the school of theology to which he belongs. “I have never,” he says, “been able to draw pictures of guilt, as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there. But all around in this fair creation are scenes of beauty, and to turn from these to ponder on deeds of sin cannot promote a healthy state of the faculties.” There are also certain physical and mental habits which a person in constant communion with the wildness of unsubdued nature acquires, and which have a great tendency to preserve the equal balance of the mind. A man who is the precursor of civilization through such a region as Southern Africa, must have learnt patience, endurance, simplicity; he must have gained the power of turning his faculties to every use; he must have schooled himself to put up with disappointment, vexations, and annoyances. No man could have gone through the preliminary work necessary to qualify him for his task more thoroughly than Dr. Livingstone. He stayed years in the semi-civilized stations before he attempted his great journey. He could do almost everything. He could shoot a lion, set an arm, ride an ox, make bricks, bread, and tallow-candles, as well as preach a sermon or calculate the longitude. If we want to discover his parallel, we shall find it most nearly, not in the narratives of missionary life, but in the records of Arctic voyagers, so many of whom have been men of simple and earnest piety, supported by the enthusiasm of science, and trained to rejoice in the encountering of difficulties, provided that, in some indirect way, the encounter might redound to the glory of God and the welfare of man.

From such a labourer in the spiritual vineyard we may hope to gain a notion—and any one acquainted with the publications of Missionary Societies will know that it is not easy to gain a notion—of the real nature and success of the conflict of Christianity with Heathendom. The general issue of Dr. Livingstone's reflections tends to show, first, that it is useless to think of converting savage nations unless a regular commerce is opened with them, and unless they are raised out of the restlessness and purposelessness of barbarism by the constant contact with white men, and the prudence which the certainty of an open market speedily generates. Secondly, he pronounces that, although years, and probably centuries, must pass before the black man can find himself in such an atmosphere of Christian thought as pervades and sustains European society, yet the savage slightly acted on by Christianity is really superior to the savage who retains the unchanged virtues and vices of his heathen state. Dr. Livingstone, after describing the border tribes in a very sober and unflattering strain, paints the life he led among a tribe not previously visited by missionaries, where he was treated with the utmost kindness, and where the natives were a remarkably fine manly race; and yet he says that the weariness of a protracted companionship with mere children of nature was most depressing, and that he sighed for the more thoughtful and serious tribes whom he had left behind him. Of the proper work of a missionary, he has formed his own ideal. He thinks that it is a great gain that the missionary should not be dependent on any Society, but should be free to choose his own course, and that he should go where no one has been before, and strive to open up a stream of commerce, and prepare the savage by telling him

of the religion of the white men, and leaving, with a few pupils whom he may have taught to read, a translation of the Bible in their own or some cognate tongue. This is but an ideal, and it is one manifestly drawn from Dr. Livingstone's own tastes and predilections. That some such ideal will attract many individuals, who unite the national love of adventure with a wish to convert the heathen, may be conceded. But it is obvious that the author of this scheme omits to notice some of the greatest difficulties of missionary enterprise. Does Dr. Livingstone really think that his catechumens would extract the truth of Christian doctrine from the pages of the Bible? He might find his answer in the history he gives of the refugee Boers who have founded a republic of slavery in the mountains of the interior, and who justify themselves on the plea that they are like the Israelites, and have had the heathen delivered over to them for a prey. Dr. Livingstone seems sometimes impressed with the attractions of a very different system, and bestows the highest praise on the teaching and economy of the Jesuits, contrasting very unfavourably the precarious pauperism of Protestant missionaries with the flourishing communities that once shed the light of Christian truth through the Portuguese possessions in Africa. But he does not examine whether Protestantism can nourish such communities in its bosom. As far as our present experience reaches, we may say that the time is sure to arrive when the spirit of these religious communities becomes antagonistic to the ordinary spirit of the lay society around them, and then they either dwindle away, or cease to be Protestant. We do not therefore think that any very definite instruction as to the conduct of missions is to be drawn from Dr. Livingstone's book, excepting so far as he declares the intimacy of the connexion which exists between commerce and Christianity. He rides his hobby rather hard when he says that even the protective laws still retained in Europe are relics of our old heathenism.

About two hundred miles north of the Orange River, and almost exactly in the centre of that portion of the African Continent in which it is situated, is the station of Kuruman. Here Dr. Livingstone was ordered to stay until he had found an opportunity of enlarging the field of missionary enterprise. He at length proceeded to Kolobeng, a place situated in a northerly direction, at a distance of nearly three hundred miles. The Bakwains, among whom he found himself, were a mild, inoffensive tribe, very willing to be taught, but they were harassed by the refugee Boers, whose republic was, unfortunately, much too near them. From Kolobeng Dr. Livingstone made several expeditions northward, in one of which he and two companions discovered the Lake Ngami on the 1st of August, 1849. The aim of these expeditions was to reach the territory of the Makololo, a powerful tribe, then ruled by a very remarkable man named Sebituane. The object was at length effected, and Dr. Livingstone passed some time with the tribe, and secured the friendship of the chief. The station at Kolobeng having been destroyed by the Boers, he determined to undertake a much more arduous expedition, and explore the waters of the great river Zambesi. Having returned to the Cape to send his family to Europe, and procure for himself the necessary outfit, he returned in the spring of 1853 to Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, and left that place in the November of the same year. Linyanti is about twelve hundred miles in a straight line above the latitude of Cape Town, and is situated near the confluence of the great rivers, the Chobe and the Zambesi. Dr. Livingstone resolved first to reach the western coast. He ascended the waters of the Zambesi, the main direction of which is easterly, but which above the confluence with the Chobe, runs almost north and south. The course of the Leeba, a tributary of the Zambesi, carried him to a point about eight hundred miles northward of Linyanti, and he then turned to the westward, and after crossing the two important streams of the Kasye and Congo, he found himself within the limits of the Portuguese settlement of Angola, and made his way to Loanda, the capital. Thence he subsequently started on what may be considered as a distinct journey, which took him from Loanda, on the West coast, to Kilimane, on the East coast. Six months, almost a day, were spent on the route between Linyanti and Loanda.

Dr. Livingstone's path, so long as he was proceeding northwards—that is, until at the headwaters of the Leeba he turned to Loanda—lay through the central district of South Africa. He points out that the cone-shaped mass of land which constitutes the promontory of the Cape may be divided into three zones, or longitudinal bands, each presenting distinct peculiarities of climate. The eastern is mountainous, well wooded, and well watered. The centre consists of extensive, slightly undulating plains, with no lofty mountains, and exposed to constant droughts. The western includes the great Kalahari Desert. Nature thus becomes more barren as the traveller advances westward—owing, probably, to the prevailing wind being from the east, and the eastern coast therefore absorbing the greater part of the moisture brought by it. The population of this vast region may also be distributed by a division of longitudinal bands. The natives on the seaboard of both the east and west are very dark. Then two bands of lighter colour lie about three hundred miles from each coast, of which the westerly one, bending round, embraces the Kalahari Desert and the Bechuana tribes, of whom both the Bakwains and the Makololo form a part; and then, again, the inhabitants of the central basin are very dark. The people, therefore, with whom Dr. Livingstone was chiefly brought into contact during this first journey and his preceding residence at the stations, were of a

colour lighter than black. He describes Sedituane as of an "olive or coffee-and-milk colour." But the Makololo, who, after many migrations, are now settled near the centre, hold in subjection a large population of negroes, with respect to whom Dr. Livingstone observes that, so far as he has any experience, there does not exist in South Africa the typical or ideal negro of ethnologists. In the black tribes, some have blubber lips, some have the flat nose, some have one feature of the typical negro, and some another; but none have them all; and every tribe contains many fine, well-grown men.

Confining ourselves to the Bechuanas, to the olive-coloured inhabitants of the central plains, we may ask what is the result of Dr. Livingstone's observations on the condition, the capacities, and the customs of the many tribes who pass under the common name. Speaking generally, we may say they have attained a tolerably high stage of patriarchal society. The stage is sufficiently high to be instructive, and we may gain from studying the manners of these tribes some insight into that state of society which lies at the bottom of all our own legal and political notions. The authority of the chief, the merging of the individual in the family, the widespread custom of adoption, the open council, in which the poor and the rich assemble together, are all described by Dr. Livingstone, and are all features familiar to those who have investigated the earlier phenomena of social life. The Bechuanas are shrewd in their worldly concerns, have a conception of a Deity and a future state, and, if the arguments put into their mouths by Dr. Livingstone are really within their grasp, are capable of playing a very respectable part in controversy. It was not till Dr. Livingstone had almost reached the northerly extreme of his route that he fell in with idolaters. What, then, has the Christian Missionary to teach when he comes to such a tribe as the Bechuana? He tells them of the great work of Divine love, which is the centre of the Christian Revelation. But they seem overwhelmed with the thought that God has kept the knowledge of this truth from their forefathers for countless ages, and that therefore it must be intended only for the whites, whom He loves. "God made black men first," said a native to Dr. Livingstone, in language of much pathetic beauty, "and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing, except the assegai, and cattle, and rain making; and he did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other." Then, when the missionary comes to enforce practical and positive lessons, as there are no idols to destroy, his first great effort is to put an end to polygamy. And this is a very difficult change to effect. The friends of the discarded wives are bitterly offended—the wives are wanted to aid in dispensing the hospitality which is one of the best of the institutions of the tribes—and they are the mothers of children to whom the new convert cannot refuse to discharge the duties of a father. One chief implored Dr. Livingstone not to talk to him too much on religion, for fear he should be persuaded to become a Christian, and so have to put away his wives.

Besides insisting on the suppression of polygamy, Dr. Livingstone also directed his efforts to put down war, and to get rid of the practice of calling in rain-doctors to end a drought by incantation. With regard to both these subjects, we find matter that shows us the difficulties a missionary has to encounter, and the uncertainty in which he must often find himself as to what he ought to make a point of religious duty. Dr. Livingstone tells us that he had the satisfaction of preventing at least five wars, and of course it is the part of a Christian teacher to inculcate lessons of peace and goodwill. But it may be doubted whether it is possible or advisable to hold up to savages a standard which no Christian nation thinks of adopting. Dr. Livingstone tried to persuade a tribe to sit still under a menace from revolted subjects which no Christian nation would have submitted to for a moment—one which threatened, if not the existence, at least the supremacy of the tribe. The chief obeyed in words, but not in deeds. He announced that he was going out on a great hunting expedition, and, collecting his followers, inflicted on his enemies the punishment he considered necessary. One of the first things an Englishman is taught to be proud of is that, if his country is insulted, the insult is immediately answered by the despatch of a naval squadron; and our pulpits have been ringing all the autumn with the necessity of fulfilling the Christian duty of punishing rebels. If these things are right for us, how can they be wrong for the heathen? As to the charms used to make rain, we do not see that it is a religious question at all. Dr. Livingstone gives a sketch of the arguments used by a rain-doctor whom he attempted to reason into abandoning his trade. We must say that the rain-doctor seems to us to have had the best of the controversy. He urged that Dr. Livingstone gave medicines which sometimes answered, and then the credit of success was claimed, but which also sometimes failed. He, too, used his charms, which were sometimes followed by rain, and sometimes not. The charm consisted in slaughtering a sheep and burning it with frankincense, the vapour being supposed to communicate with the clouds. The only difference between going through this process and giving calomel to act on the liver is, that the induction of the action of calomel is better grounded and can be more satisfactorily tested than the action of the vapour on the clouds. Both processes are equally empirical. No human being knows why calomel acts on the liver. Nor ought we to be misled when we use the word

charm. The natives say that empirically they find that the vapour acts on the clouds, and that although they do not know that the hoped-for consequence will follow, they surely are bound to use human means for obtaining their ends. The true answer to the rain-doctors is to be found, not in the New Testament, but in the logic which will be gradually instilled among the natives by intercourse with the scientific nations of Europe.

We must quit this admirable and most suggestive book for the present. On another occasion we hope to notice Dr. Livingstone's second journey, as well as to give a slight sketch of the principal botanical, zoological, and geological phenomena which he has observed during his stay in Africa.

THE ORIGINAL OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

THE Germans are a hardworking race, and nothing gives them greater pleasure than to go to the bottom of all things. Can there be anything more comprehensive, more minute, more exhaustive, than the notes of German scholars—the German scholars of the old school, at least—on the Greek and Roman classics? With regard to modern classics, such as Shakespeare, or Dante, or Voltaire, we could not wish for better interpretations than those with which our German editors supply us. Various readings are given, wrong explanations discussed and rejected, all possible illustrations are carefully brought together, and no historical or geographical allusion is allowed to pass without large extracts from some books, and numerous references to others. We are not speaking at random. There is an edition of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* on our table, just published at Leipzig. The editor is Dr. Karl Elze. There is first a preface, then an introduction of 64 pages, then follows the text, carefully divided into paragraphs, and after it again 160 pages of closely printed notes. It is an excellent edition. It need not blush before any of the *cum notis variorum* editions of Drakenborchius or Burmannus. A man would require the *vite variorum* were he to read all these *note variorum*. But whether a book be read in Germany seems of little consequence. The chief point is that books should be written.

There is something stranger still. Not satisfied with commenting on ancient or foreign authors, the Germans devote their editorial industry to their own classics, and not only to the classics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but to those of yesterday—to Schiller and Goethe. When Goethe wrote his *Faust*, he no doubt flattered himself that his words and thoughts would be understood by his contemporaries. He only died in 1832, and yet, in a catalogue of the *Faust* literature, published by Franz Peter in 1851, the number of explanatory works devoted to an elucidation of the secret meaning of *Faust* is brought to fifty-four. Now some of Wordsworth's poems are certainly as unintelligible, or as intelligible, as Goethe's *Faust*. But Wordsworth, we fear or hope, will have to wait for many years before he finds himself surrounded by such a goodly host of commentators.

However, there is no German book from which something may not be learned. Thus the author of the *Faust Catalogue* gives us not only an account of Goethe's *Faust* and the literature to which it gave rise—he begins at the beginning, and gives us a list of all the books where something about *Faust* and the Devil may be found. On looking at some of these books we learn what we did not know before—that *Faust* is not a mere myth, but that there was such a person as Dr. Faust. In a letter written by the famous Tritheim (1462-1516) to Johann Wurdung, a Mathematician, dated August 20, 1507, we read:—

"That man, of whom you wrote to me, Georgius Sabellius, who dared to call himself the chief of necromancers, is a vagabond, an idle talker, a vagrant; he deserves to be whipped, that he may not rashly again dare to profess so publicly things abominable and contrary to the Holy Church. For the titles he assumed, what are they but the signs of a most stupid and idiotic mind, of a fool rather than a philosopher! This is the nice title he formed for himself. *Magister Georgius Sabellius, Faustus junior, fons necromanticorum, astrologus, magus secundus, chiromanticus, apromanticus, pyromanticus, in hydra arte secundus*. Consider the stupid insolence of the fellow, by what madness he is carried away, to presume to call himself the fountain of necromancy; he who is ignorant of all the liberal arts, and ought to have called himself a fool, rather than a master. But I know his villany. When, last year, I returned from Mark-Brandenburg, I found this fellow near Gedenhusen. Many foolish things were told me about him at the inn, things which, with great recklessness, he had undertaken to perform. As soon as he heard of my arrival he decamped, and could not be prevailed upon by anybody to present himself before me. The stupid advertisement which, as mentioned, he sent thee, he addressed to me also through a certain citizen. Some priests in the town declared that he had said in the presence of many people, he had obtained such a knowledge of all wisdom and such memory that, if all the volumes of Plato and Aristotle, with their whole philosophy, had totally perished from the memory of men, he, by his own genius, like another *Eras*, should be able to restore them even in greater perfection. Afterwards, when I stayed at Wirzburg, he came there, and, actuated by the same vanity, he is said to have declared in the presence of many people, that the miracles of our Saviour Christ were not so very wonderful; he also could do all that Christ had done, as often and wherever he liked. In the last Quadragesima of this year he came to Kreuznach, and, boasting in the same stupid strain, he promised extraordinary things, saying, that he was the most expert in all things that ever were known of alchemy, and that he knew and could do all that men wished. There was a vacancy then in that town for the schoolmaster-ship, to which he was appointed on the nomination of Franz of Stickingen, thy prince, a man very fond of mystic matters. It soon came to light that there he committed the most atrocious crimes, and he escaped his punishment by flight. This is what I know on the surest evidence about that fellow, whose

* *Die Literatur der Faustage bis Ende des Jahres 1850.* Systematisch zusammen gestellt, von Franz Peter. Leipzig. 1851.

arrival you are looking forward to with so much pleasure. When he comes to you you will find him not a philosopher, but a fool, possessed by the most extraordinary recklessness.

A few years later we have a letter written by Conradus Mutianus Rufus, Canon of Gotha, dated October 3rd, 1513. The Canon writes:—

Eight days ago a certain chiro-manticus came to Erfurt, Georgius Faustus by name, Helmitheus Hodebergensis, (*hultheos Wirtebergensis*, conject. Heumann), a mere boaster and fool. . . . Vulgar people admire him; the priests may rise against him. . . . I heard him holding forth at the inn; I did not reprove his boasting. What have I to do with other people's madness!

The next mention of Faust occurs in a work of Begard, published at Worms in 1539. It is said there that a man of the name of *Faust*, who called himself *philosophus philosophorum*, travelled some years ago all over Germany, boasting of his miraculous powers, and cheating many people, and, as it would seem, poor Begard himself, out of their money.

In these three passages there is nothing as yet of a legendary character. Faust is represented by his contemporaries, and by men who had actually seen him, as a man who travelled about cheating vulgar people, sometimes ingratiating himself even with men of noble birth, such as Franz von Sickingen, but soon betraying himself as a mere boaster, a fool, and a villain.

In the next passage, which is taken from Gast's *Sermones Convivales*, published at Basil in 1554, but written between 1543 and 1548, Faust's character assumes already a legendary colour. Gast says that Faustus Necromanticus came one day to a monastery in order to sleep there. The wine which was placed before him did not satisfy him—the brother who was there to receive him had not got the keys of the cellar, and the Prior was asleep. Faust grew very angry, and threatened to punish the monastery. The next morning he left very early, and ever since the monastery had been visited by noisy spirits, so that the monks were obliged to leave it. Even now, Gast adds, people say that these noises may be heard in the deserted place. The next story is more important. Gast says that he himself once dined at Basil with Faustus in the Great College. Faust brought some birds which had never before been seen in those regions, and gave them to the cook to roast:—

He had a dog with him [Gast writes], and a horse (I believe it was Satan), and they were able to do anything. Some people told me they once saw the dog assume the form of a servant, and bring victuals. But the miserable man came to a deplorable end; for he was strangled by Satan, and his corpse lay on the bier the face always turned downward, although it was turned backward fifty times. May the Lord preserve us that we do not become the servants of Satan.

Faust, therefore, was dead before 1543; and soon after his death, men who had seen him, and had dined with him, believed that he had been in compact with Satan. There is one more passage which must be considered. It is from a book published by Manlius at Basil, 1562, and containing notes taken down at the lectures of Melancthon and other learned men. Here we read:—

I knew a man of the name of Faustus de Kundling, which is a small town near my own home. He was a student at Cracow, and learned there the magic art. This art was there formerly in great repute, and there were public lectures given on it. He travelled about, and talked about many mysteries. When he was going to exhibit at Venice, he said he would fly to the sky. The devil really raised him up, but he punished him so severely, that he fell to the ground nearly dead. However, he did not die then. A few years ago, the same Johannes Faustus was sitting very sad in a village of the Duchy of Wirtemberg. It was the last day of his life. The landlord asked him why he was so unusually sad (but he was really the very worst rascal, and had led a most villainous life, so that he was several times nearly executed for his vices). He said to the landlord: "Do not be frightened this night." At midnight the house trembled. In the morning, when Faustus did not rise, the landlord, with some of his friends, went into his room, and found him lying near his bed, his face twisted round, as he had been killed by the devil. During his lifetime he had a dog with him, and this was the devil. . . . This Faustus once escaped from Wittenberg, when Duke John had given orders to seize him; and he likewise escaped at Nurnberg. The same Faustus, *turpissima bestia et cloaca multorum diabolorum*, also gloried that the Imperial troops had gained all their victories in Italy by his magic power. This was the emptiest falsehood. But I mention it for the young, that they may not rashly believe these vain fellows.

Whether these words were taken down at one of Melancthon's lectures, we have no means of knowing. If Kundling, the birth-place of Faustus, be the same as Knittingen, this would be about two hours distant from Bretten, the town where Melancthon was born. The mention of Wittenberg, also, would well agree with the supposition that the words quoted were really Melancthon's. At any rate we see how, soon after his death, in the first half of the sixteenth century, the story of Faust grew rapidly into a legend. Every successive writer adds something new. In 1561, Conrad Gessner speaks of Faust as having died not very long ago. In 1583, Wier, in his book *De Praestigiis*, says, that he knew one man whom Faustus once shaved with arsenic, and another person whom Faustus once mistook for the devil. And as late as 1624, Camerarius writes, that during the last generation Faustus was the greatest of all sorcerers, and that he had heard about him from people who had seen him.

In the meantime, Faust's name had become a centre of attraction for a number of fabulous stories which had been in existence long before his time, and many of which may be, and have been traced back, to the gods and heroes of ancient Teutonic mythology. What happened to Theodoric and Charlemagne, happened to Faust; and in 1587 we meet with the first popular account of the great sorcerer, a book written and printed for the people, who bought it then, as they buy it at the present day, at the fairs held in small towns and villages. Its title is "*Historia of D. Johann*

Faust, the far-famed sorcerer and wizard, how for a certain time he made himself over to the Devil, what curious adventures he had in the meantime, till at last he received his due reward. As a fearful instance, awful example, and true-hearted warning for all high-bearing, reckless, and godless people. Collected and edited chiefly from his own posthumous works. Jacobi III. 'Be obedient to God, resist the Devil, and he will fly away from you.' Cum gratia et privilegio. Printed at Frankfurt-am-Mayn, by Johann Spies, MDLXXXVII." This book has been translated into many languages—into Low German in 1588—into Dutch, 1592—into English, about 1592—into French, 1598; and several of these translations passed through more than one edition. In Germany the story was rewritten by Widmann in 1599, by Plützer in 1674; and, in spite of Goethe's *Faust*, there are new editions of the old *Volksbuch* published and read to the present day. More popular even than this *Volksbuch* was the so-called puppet-show of Faust. It seems to have been seen by the people in Germany with the same untiring pleasure as Punch is in England. We hear of it first at the end of the sixteenth century. In 1588, two students of Tübingen were severely reprimanded for having written, published, and acted the story of Faust. Similar plays continued to be acted through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in towns and villages. Complaints were made from time to time by clergymen against the blasphemous character of these representations, but as late as 1844 the puppet-show of Dr. Faust was to be seen at Berlin; and Dr. Sommer, the writer of an able article on Faust in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædia*, gives an analysis of the play as seen by him at the time in the metropolis of German art and science. Goethe's attention was first drawn to Faust by the same puppet-show—he saw it performed when a student at Leipzig, in 1766 or 1767. In 1790 he published his tragedy, which was completed and republished in 1805. It is chiefly through Goethe's play and its translations that the story of Faust is now known in England. Two hundred years ago, however, Faust was as well, if not better, known in England than in Germany. Toward the end of the sixteenth century, the German *Volksbuch* had been translated into English, under the title, *History of the damnable Life and deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus*. Before 1593 Marlowe had written his *Doctor Faustus' Tragical History*, first published in 1604. In 1612, we hear of another tragedy, called *Doctor Faustus*; and in 1697 Mountfort published in London his "*Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*, with the humours of Harlequin and Scaramouch, as acted at the theatres, with the portrait of Faust."

We abstain from following the meanderings of the legend any further. Franz Peter's catalogue will furnish the curious in such matters with the most complete information on the subject. The important point is that his references establish the historical reality of Dr. Faust, which had been denied by Naudé and Bodin, and that they put an end to the confusion between him and John Fust, the discoverer of printing. There is little of the historical Faust left in Goethe's poem; and what there is of him is only like an old trunk, completely covered by the evergreen of poetry and tradition, and, like the oak that supports the ivy and is buried under it, it seems more beautiful when dead and forgotten than it ever was in its living reality.

COTTON'S LIFE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

THE lives of artists are always entertaining, and there are special reasons why a memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as one of the chief founders of the English school of painting, should command our attention. Besides, we are never tired of hearing about one who was a friend of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Garrick. The sayings and doings of the distinguished men who adorned the intellectual society of London at the end of the last century, exercise a great fascination over the readers of the present generation. Thanks to Boswell, we seem to know what manner of men they were, and we feel as if we were at home in their company. They are like old friends to us, and the more we can hear about them from any quarter, the better. Hence we turned with special interest to Mr. Cotton's book, hoping that the new sources of information to which he has had access would enable him to throw much additional light on the biography of our great English painter. We cannot say that these hopes have been thoroughly fulfilled. He has given us a sufficiently readable and useful volume; but the new facts are of trifling importance, and there is that common fault in biographies—a want of perception of the relative importance of the several parts of the subject. The older memoirs by Northcote and Malone are not superseded by the present writer. What would have been a most valuable addition to our knowledge—a complete catalogue of Sir Joshua's portraits, with their dates and their histories, through their successive changes of possessors down to the present time—has not been given to the world, as was originally proposed, with the present volume. Mr. Cotton announces his intention to publish such a catalogue at an early period. He may be assured that he could not have undertaken a more useful task. All the admirers, and still more, all the fortunate possessors of Reynolds portraits, will welcome a catalogue of the kind proposed as an indispensable adjunct to an art-library.

* *Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works*. Gleanings from his Diary, unpublished Manuscripts, and from other sources. By William Cotton, M.A. Edited by John Burnet, F.R.S. London: Longmans. 1856.

But to return to the memoir now before us. Our biographer begins his theme *ab ovo*. Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, in Devonshire; and accordingly Mr. Cotton thinks it desirable to give a history of that ancient town, "including its castle, church, and other objects connected with the locality." This is most unnecessary, especially when it is remembered that the father of the painter, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, though a Devonshire man, was not himself a native of Plympton, but only master of its grammar school. It is more to the purpose to describe the grammar school itself—a dignified, old-world structure, built in 1664, but, as is not uncommon in that part of England, retaining with debased detail a distinctively Gothic character. The school-room seems to be a rather stately apartment, with traceried windows and quaint oak galleries; and below it is an open cloister bounded on two sides by a range of granite arches. The *genius loci*, however, would seem to have had but little lasting influence on the character or temper of the future painter, who was always an innovator in art, and was ever impatient of conventionalisms and traditions. But we have evidence that he was early impressed with the picturesqueness of this arcaded cloister; for it is related that, having read and mastered the *Jesuit's Perspective* before he was nine years old, he made an able sketch of the colonnade in compliance with the theoretical laws of that famous treatise. Another perspective drawing, of a transomed window, is preserved religiously by the descendants of his sister. This was made in pen and ink on the back of a Latin exercise; and his father has endorsed it, "This is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness." Mr. Cotton has been the first to discover that the painter's father was not incumbent of Plympton, but only the schoolmaster, and that he had been previously a Fellow of Baliol. Joshua was the seventh of a family of ten or eleven children, and was born on the 16th of July, 1723. Painting was, doubtless, a natural gift with him. We have noticed the perspective sketches he made in his ninth year. When he was twelve, he is said to have painted his first portrait—a picture still preserved, and about the date of which there can be little doubt, as the sitter died in 1736, one year after young Reynolds had drawn him. At fifteen, our precocious artist read Richardson's essay on the *Theory of Painting*, a work which made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind. This decided his profession; and his father, instead of apprenticing him to an apothecary, determined to send him to London, that he might study under Hudson, who was then the most fashionable painter of the time. Thither he went in October, 1740, in the eighteenth year of his age. Some original letters of Samuel Reynolds, published for the first time by Mr. Cotton, throw a new and interesting light upon the negotiations which resulted in this arrangement. Hudson, whose studio was in Great Queen-street—the house now divided into Nos. 55 and 56—demanded a premium of 120*l.*, half of which was paid by the father from his narrow resources, and the other half, advanced by his sister, was to be repaid by the lad when he was in a position to earn money for himself.

The rapid progress made in Hudson's studio is well shown in the family letters, now first made public. Within three years, however, whether from jealousy or any other cause, Hudson parted with his rising pupil. The common story is, that the latter went back to his native county, and settling, with two unmarried sisters, at Devonport—then called Plymouth Dock—began, in 1743, painting on his own account. But the letters published by Mr. Cotton throw much doubt upon this statement. From these it would appear that the young artist remained in London, following his profession independently, and that before long his old master was reconciled to him, and behaved very generously towards him in encouraging him and helping him with advice. It was not till 1746 that Reynolds settled at Devonport. In that year he had the misfortune to lose his father; and, doubtless, he made a home for his sisters, who were then obliged to quit the old school-house at Plympton. It was here that he became acquainted with Captain, afterwards Viscount, Keppel, who, being appointed, in 1749, to the command of a squadron in the Mediterranean, took Reynolds with him, and thus gratified the natural longing of the painter to study the masterpieces of Italian art. It is mentioned as a curious fact by our present author, that no pictures painted by Reynolds in Italy are known to be out of England. His own portrait, now at Florence, was not painted till 1775, when he was elected a member of the Academy in that city. He returned from his Italian journey in 1752, and now settled finally in London. His reputation was almost immediately established. It is true that he broke through all the fixed traditions of portrait painting, and that Hudson, his old master, exclaimed indignantly that he painted worse than before he left England. The public had better discernment, and the charming ease and gracefulness of his pictures soon won him the warm support of all who wished to have their features and figures worthily delineated. Engagements crowded upon him, and he gained the friendship of Burke and Johnson. His first home in London was in St. Martin's-lane, whence he removed to Newport-street, and finally, in 1761, to Leicester-square, on its western side, No. 47. He began by charging ten, twenty, and forty guineas, for heads, half-lengths, and full-lengths respectively. Before long, these prices were increased by one-half, and towards the end of his life they were raised to thirty, seventy, and one hundred and fifty guineas. His diaries and memorandum-books have been preserved, and Mr.

Cotton publishes from them some curious extracts. It seems that Sir Joshua often received as many as seven sitters in the day, beginning work at nine in the morning, and painting continuously till four. We are promised a complete list of his sitters from 1755 to 1790, compiled from these note-books; and we need not expatiate on the value of such a document as a means of verifying or identifying many portraits, the history of which may have been lost already. Mr. Cotton would have deserved our thanks, had he quoted more largely from these diaries. The extracts he has given are of no small interest; but we fancy that much more might have been made of them. It is tantalizing, for example, to read a dry sentence like the following:—

They contain many interesting facts and memoranda besides the names of sitters, and show how much the society of Reynolds was cultivated by the learned and noble of the land. We find frequent entries of the names of Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Burke, Lords Lansdowne and Palmerston, Mr. Metcalfe and others, at four and five o'clock, which were his usual hours at dinner. Sir Joshua was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Dilettanti Society on Sundays at five o'clock. He frequently dined also with the Devonshire Club, and with the Literary Club, at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street.

It is curious to observe how great has been the change of feeling in society since the days when a literary society could hold its ordinary meetings on Sundays. It is well known that Sir Joshua Reynolds received sitters on Sundays—a practice which he promised to abandon at the dying request of Dr. Johnson. It was an age of general lax morality; and even Sir Joshua, whose own life was irreproachable, saw no harm in painting over and over again ladies of indifferent reputation, who would have applied in vain in these days to a Grant or a Swinton. In 1760, occurred the first public exhibition in England of the works of modern artists; and Mr. Cotton finds evidences of the growth of taste among us, in the disappearance from modern catalogues of such homely subjects as "A Corner Cupboard," "A Gazette in a Frame," "A Bunch of Flowers in Tent-stitch," "A Coach Panel," and "A Cucumber"—efforts of artistic genius which delighted our grandfathers. Over-worked by his London life, Sir Joshua took a holiday in his native county in 1762, in company with Dr. Johnson, and Boswell has described the tour. In the following year, he painted that half-length of Nelly O'Brien which, after many years of oblivion in Lord Hertford's Collection, charmed the world so notably in the late Exhibition at Manchester. The Diary describes his journey to Paris in September, 1768. The memoranda of the pictures which most struck his fancy in the French capital, are too sketchy to be of much value. The same year was memorable for the institution of the Royal Academy, of which Reynolds, having received knighthood, became the first president. This was the joyful occasion which betrayed Dr. Johnson into a breach of his self-imposed rule of total abstinence, by liberal potations in honour of his friend's advancement.

The next thing we light upon as worthy of mention is Sir Joshua's offer, in 1770, to co-operate with the other distinguished artists of the time in painting scriptural scenes for the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral—a scheme which, though favoured by the King, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Dean, came to nothing, in consequence of the Puritanical opposition of the then Bishop of London. His receiving the degree of Honorary D.C.L. at Oxford, and his being elected Mayor of his native town of Plympton, deserve to be recorded. The tour in Holland and the Netherlands, of which Sir Joshua wrote the well-known description, with criticisms of the Flemish and Dutch schools of painting, was not undertaken till 1781. A letter he wrote from Brussels to Mr. Burke is printed from the autograph by the present biographer. From this time there is not much to remark in the calm and prosperous routine of his declining years. He was never married, but, in the company of his accomplished sister, Dr. Johnson's special favourite, and in later years, in the affectionate attendance of his niece, he had the advantage of female society of the highest order. He ceased to paint in 1791, when one of his eyes became totally obscured, and he died on Feb. 23, 1792, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Burke pronounced his eulogium, and thus described his last hours. "His illness," he said, "was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeable to the placid and even tenour of his whole life. He had, from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his dissolution, which he contemplated with an entire composure, that nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow." The personal appearance of this great artist is familiar to us from the numerous portraits which he made of himself at all periods of his life. His habits were regular and unimpeachable. Mr. Cotton records that he rose early and took his exercise in the Park before breakfast. He was conscientiously laborious in his studio, and was accordingly one of the most prolific of artists. Snuff was his weak point—he took it to excess; and Goldsmith had his well-known joke about his friend's bad habit:—

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

After dinner, at four or five o'clock, he used to sleep, and then devoted the whole evening to the pleasures of intellectual society. His own literary performances were of great excellence, though he never wrote with facility. Mr. Cotton favours us with numerous extracts from his unpublished papers, and in particular with

a clever *jeu d'esprit*, written in Boswellian fashion, to show Dr. Johnson's impatience of contradiction. This is in the form of two dialogues, in the first of which Sir Joshua draws out from the sage a severe censure of Garrick by his own praises of the great actor; while in the second, Gibbon's low estimate of Garrick provokes the moralist to belaud him in the most extravagant manner.

In a final chapter, Mr. Cotton discusses Sir Joshua's vehicles and method of painting. He argues that the painter first acquired his rough Rembrandt-like style of colouring from the pictures of Gandy, which he studied in early life at Exeter. This is not improbable. At any rate, it is certain that he deliberately preferred a broad and coarse manner of painting, and a richness and depth of texture, to neatness and finish. It was this which drove him to the use of an infinite variety of experimental vehicles, the perishing of which has so irretrievably damaged the effect of many of his best pictures. It is reported that on one occasion Sir Joshua actually mixed snuff, and at another time soot, in the colours he was laying on his canvases. It is undoubtedly too true that the tone and colour of some of the finest works of this great ornament of our national school of painting have nearly disappeared, and it may be feared that a later generation will wonder why his reputation was so great as a colourist, if nothing remains to them but the ineffaceable outlines that will show the gracefulness, ease, and spirit of his composition. We conclude with expressing our earnest hope that such of his pictures as have not faded or peeled off already may be speedily glazed and protected for ever from the sacrilegious hands of the professional picture-cleaner.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

A GOOD title to a book is, as we all know, a great recommendation, and exercises an influence disproportionate to its real value. It prevents the reader from opening the work in an antagonistic frame of mind, and insensibly inclines him to be pleased. Like a pretty bonnet, it stimulates curiosity, and excites the hope of something correspondent within. Proportionate is our disappointment if we find a face indisputably deficient in beauty, sense, or animation. *A Hundred Years Ago* is a very good title; and the preface, too, in which the author informs us that his object has been to gather together characteristic details of the society of that time, is of agreeable promise. Every one who has attempted to obtain a distinct and accurate conception of any past state of society must have been forcibly struck by the extreme incompleteness of all such knowledge. At every turn you strike against some detail as to which it seems impossible to obtain information, and the picture either remains spotted with blanks, or is lavishly filled up by the imagination. The temptation to have recourse to this last faculty is great, and has been so freely indulged by many writers that it may be doubted whether most of us have not contracted some very false notions as to the real condition of our forefathers in various stages of our history.

A writer, therefore, who, choosing any limited period, should collect a number of strictly accurate details as to the habits of life then prevailing, and should exercise some fair degree of discrimination in his selection, so as to avoid things already well-known and things not worth knowing, might produce a book of some ancillary value to history, and agreeable enough in itself. Some such work the present title and preface seemed to promise, and it was natural to suppose that, when the author spoke of his "very limited reading," he was only exercising the modesty of a person justly sensible of his own merits. He proved to be not only modest, but truthful. Not that we mean to impute to him the absence of a respectable degree of information for his own private purposes—he may or may not possess it. We only say that he is right in calling his reading very limited for the purpose in hand. And why should a man, out of the stores of a very limited reading, seek to inform the world?

One-third of Mr. Hutton's book is occupied by an historical sketch of the years 1755 and 1756. There is nothing new in it. To those informed in the history of their country it is valueless—to those not so, it can be of very little use. How can such readers appreciate an isolated patch of narrative, a detached account of events and actions, cut off from all their antecedents and sequences. Men seen only in a few of their actions, events presented only in a few of their bearings, counsels without their issues, and conclusions without their origins—can such truncated information do other than create false impressions, and give rise to haphazard judgments? Two conditions may make the delineation of a very small detached portion of history desirable. One is, where the object is to present it on so large a scale as necessarily limits its value to persons in quest of minute and special information, as we publish the map of a single county or city on an enlarged scale. The other is, where a previous portion of history bears closely on the events of the day, in which case even an isolated sketch may be valuable to refresh the memory or to enforce an argument. But to publish a history of events only because they happened a hundred years ago, is as if Mr. Stanford should seize the present moment of interest in India to publish a map of Sinai, without any new discoveries, and call it "Three Thousand Miles off." The historical sketch is followed by

a miscellaneous farrago of events, English and foreign, occurring during the same two years, which reads like an Annual Register, or the supplement to an Almanac. Fonthill Abbey, we are told, was burned—Smollett is largely quoted as to the condition of France—and we are supplied with a detailed account of the Lisbon earthquake. Further on, under the ambitious title of "Men of the Age," we have a chapter occupied by such information as this:—

In the following year Godwin first breathed the breath of life, though thirty-eight years elapsed before he startled the world with *Caleb Williams*. A great landmark is that book to those who look back as they float down the stream of time. Only sixty-two years ago it was possible that such acts of tyranny could be perpetrated by British magistrates, that such misery should prevail in our prisons, that one who revealed the iniquity should be regarded as a seditious and disaffected citizen. Had Charles Dickens lived then, he too would have been held up to execration as one who believed in the impious and dangerous doctrine that mankind was a brotherhood, and that equal rights belonged unto all men. Contemporaneous with Godwin, was the infamous John Baptist Carrier, the most sanguinary monster that presided over the butcheries of the French Revolution. He perished on the guillotine, in the same year that witnessed the publication of *Caleb Williams*. As some compensation to the human race for the disgrace brought upon them by this wretch, Mozart was given to attune the soul by celestial strains for celestial aspirations.

Crabbe, the simple and harmonious delineator of rural life, was then an infant scarce able to toddle along the floor. But little older was Chatterton, whose "noble rage" repressed by "chill penury" was to be the glory and remorse of his age. To him might be applied the first two lines in the concluding chorus of old Marlowe's *Faustus*:—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

His senior by a year was Madame Dacier, afterwards so famous for her scholarship, and whose notes on the classics are still revered by learned men. In the preceding year, 1750, were born two men equally distinguished in their respective countries and walks in life, albeit widely differing in character and profession; the one, John Philpott Curran, a wit, an orator, and a patriot—the other, David, the painter of history as it might be, a republican by taste, an imperialist by trade. John Wolfgang Goethe was then exercising his precocious genius on Latin verses; while Mirabeau's ponderous *physique* was content with the triumphs of the nursery, and Jeremy Bentham was yet untroubled with visions for achieving "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Charles Dibdin, the naval bard of Britain, was a schoolboy two years older than the future Dr. John Aikin, and as much the junior of Lavoisier, one of the founders of chemical science. Nor should we forget the name of Henry Mackenzie, whose sketches of character are a model of polished style and playful humour. Children, too, at this time were Lavater, the physiognomist; Madame de Genlis, the instructress of Louis Philippe and his more sagacious sister, and the writer of pleasant tales now rather alluded to than read; and Dr. Jenner, whose discovery of vaccination places him high in the roll of the benefactors of the human race.

The author's observations, when he hazards them, are not distinguished either by penetration or good taste. It is difficult to conceive Charles Dickens a Jacobin when popular opinion was Tory; and a man must have read Crabbe and Chatterton either with little attention or not at all, to call the one an "harmonious delineator of rural life," and to echo so monstrous and discarded an eulogy on the other. Of Churchill, we are told, "Charles Churchill, clergyman and poet, had begun to instruct his parishioners and delight his contemporaries"—a sentence which seems ingeniously contrived to convey as false an impression as possible of the renegade divine and fierce unsparing satirist. The details are as trite as these brief hints are bold and unreliable. We have an extract from Gibbon's *Journal*, Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield *in extenso*, and an account of Goldsmith's foreign tour and struggles in London, taken direct from Washington Irving, with some little condensation and an occasional transposition of words. This subject is dwelt on at greater length than the author usually allows himself, apparently for no other reason than because, if there be any biography with which just now the British public is thoroughly familiar, it is that of Goldsmith. The history of the literature of the day is furnished on the same reduced scale as the portraits of eminent men; and it has even been thought worth while to print long lists of advertisements of books on various subjects, professedly "taken at random," and to quote specimens of the penny-a-liner's craft, differing very little from the efforts of his successors of our own day.

The latter part of the book is better. It possesses, indeed, little claim to novelty in its selections, or in the information it professes to furnish, but it accords better with the promise of the preface. Much scattered material is collected together, and, incomplete as it is, and derived from the most obvious sources, it may serve to give some greater degree of definiteness of idea as to the dress, manners, and fashionable follies of the latter end of George the Second's reign. The illustrations of the press-gang system are graphic and well chosen; and many little points of social habits are brought before us in apt and amusing quotations, some of which convey more than their apparent triviality would seem to indicate. Extracts of this sort are apt, however, to mislead. Not only is the modern describer tempted to confine himself to the more salient and exaggerated points of difference from which he can draw a picturesque and startling image, but the materials for such sketches are at once more abundant and more accessible than those for a more sober and truthful delineation. The every-day habits and the natural modes of thought and action of men are not subjects for remark among themselves—it is what is exceptional that attracts attention and elicits observation; and it is far easier to collect the features which are thrown into relief by the satirist and the caricaturist, than to gather up the latent hints, and inadvertent assumptions of contemporary writers. It is from these, however, that any

* *A Hundred Years Ago: an Historical Sketch, 1755 to 1756.* By James Hutton. London: Longmans. 1857.

current view of a past state of society must be drawn, and even if a man be successful in making a picture for himself, so delicate are its lines and so fine its shades that the attempt to reproduce his impression for the benefit of others will be about as successful as the written description of a landscape in conveying a true idea of the reality. This is a sort of knowledge which can only be obtained at first hand.

Mr. Hutton has done wisely, therefore, to restrict himself in the main to the detail of small particulars for which he can produce vouchers; and where he does so, his book is readable and amusing enough. When, however, he furnishes us with his own deductions from what he has read, he is not amusing, and far from being entitled to implicit confidence. A single instance may suffice:—

The country squires are everywhere described as a coarse, overbearing, illiterate race, solely devoted to the stable, the kennel, and the bottle. And it was only natural that it should be so, while the Parliamentary Session was held between November and May. During this period the lovers of country sports were not likely to be lured up to town, and in the summer months there was still less temptation. Thus, the gentry were divided into two absolute classes; the one dwelling mostly in town, intelligent, rational, and comparatively refined—the other, mere clodhoppers, bloated wine-skins, canine in tastes, habits, and feelings.

This is false, and very idle, senseless writing; but it is fair to add that the book is not disfigured by much of this sort of thing.

MAURICE DE TREUIL.*

MAURICE DE TREUIL is the history of an artist, not as he should be, or might be, but as he is. In the artist temperament, which is often a paradoxical combination of the greatest, weakest, and most inconsistent qualities, M. Achard has sought and found material for a very interesting novel. Maurice is a young painter of considerable capacity. It is nearly midnight when he climbs wearily to his studio, freshly decorated with the cross of the "Légion d'honneur." He looks with disgust at his pictures, a jarring chorus of indiscriminate praise still ringing in his ears. In this irritable mood he discovers a little note, which runs as follows:—"Mon cher voisin—Si vous ne rentrez pas trop tard venez donc prendre une tasse de thé avec moi; vous m'apporterez les nouvelles que j'attends avec une si vive impatience." It is signed "Laure," with this significant postscript, "*Trop tard* veut dire après minuit." His neighbour Laure is a poor pianiste, supporting an aunt, and living on the same floor as the painter. Maurice looks at his watch, sees that he is just in time, and knocks at the door, which is hastily opened by Laure, who, when she examines his face, looks profoundly disappointed, and exclaims, "Eh bien! rien encore?"—"Oh! si, j'ai la croix," répondit Maurice, d'un air tranquille. Le visage de Laure se colora d'une vive rougeur. "Et lui qui ne disait rien?" reprit-elle avec un accent de reproche; "mais il fallait me le crier du bas de l'escalier!"—"Au risque de réveiller tout le monde?"—"Qu'importe? j'aurais été heureuse cinq minutes plus tôt."

Laure and Maurice walk on the balcony, which commands a panoramic view of Paris. The grand outline of Notre Dame, St. Sulpice, and the Pantheon are described as indistinctly standing out from the surrounding mysterious haze, only pierced by the myriads of lights, "like gold dust with which phosphorus illumines the waves." The confused monotonous sounds of the great city, together with the endless horizon, give an idea of beauty and infinity which calms the fevered Maurice, and saddens his companion as they stand leaning on the balustrade in silence. Laure is the first to speak. "Voilà que la carrière vous est ouverte," dit-elle, "vous n'avez plus qu'à marcher."—"Et où irai-je?" demanda Maurice. "Où vont le talent et la jeunesse, l'espérance et le travail." "You believe, then, in all that," he replies, bitterly. Maurice has known those who have had talent and perseverance—he asks, where are they now? "La mort et la bohème se les sont partagés." Laure gently tries to find the root of a bitterness so unnatural, and so incomprehensible when his merit had been publicly recognised and rewarded, and when he has so much to encourage him. He frankly lays bare his heart to her. He acknowledges that he has a germ of talent, but it is only a happy faculty until it becomes real and vigorous by being united to long and patient study. He is praised for the execution of his work; but "le reste, ce qui est à moi, ce que j'ai pu y mettre de ma substance, le voit-on?" There is where the true genius of the artist lies—"la chose par laquelle il crée—et par laquelle il survit." Ah! he exclaims, if he had only time to mature his designs, Laure wisely asks—"Que ne le prenez vous?" "Eh! le puis-je? Il faut vivre. Comme un labourer imprudent, je fauche les gerbes avant que le soleil ait mûri l'épi. Comprenez-vous à présent? Il me vient des rages solitaires en comparant ce que je fais, à ce que je pourrais faire si le besoin ne m'aiguillonnait pas." "Ce besoin, Maurice, est-il un besoin?" He confesses the truth. He discloses his weakness, the base of other lives than his—he fears poverty. With the refinements, he has imbibed the luxurious tastes of a higher class, and expensive habits have become a necessity. "Un secret appétit de luxe" preys on him. He must produce hasty and imperfect works to secure the luxuries for which he craves. "I avow to you," continued he, vehemently, "I fear the struggle, because it brings suffering with it, of which I am weary. Strangely enough, I am proud of talent which I do not show.

I almost blush for that which has brought me so much applause." This irritates and rankles:—"Je me sens supérieur à cette réputation naissante qui me les attire, et j'éprouve d'amers découragements en pensant que jamais peut-être je n'irai au delà de cette limite que mes premiers efforts ont touchée." Laure comprehends and pities her friend, who after a long silence asks her if she has not "her own troubles, her own *ennuis*." "Oh! as for me," replies Laure; "I give lessons, I have given a great many. What I earn permits my aunt and me to live honestly in this small dwelling; and if this dear aunt, whose last days my labour sweetens, were not unwell, I should be happy." And Laure turned away her head to hide the tears which rolled down her cheeks. Part of the girl's speech was true, for her humble career was one of courage and resignation, but not of happiness, especially in that eventful night when she had to conceal a love which Maurice could not share.

Women like Laure are the salt of this earth, but unfortunately men do not always prize them or recognise their full value until it is too late. So it was with Maurice. We have dwelt on this opening scene, as it exhibits his character, and strikes, as it were, the key-note of the whole book. Maurice has a *bourgeois* friend, a rich Havre merchant, M. Closeau du Tailli. This intolerably vulgar man patronizes the young artist, and promises to marry him to "un million"—which "million" is represented by a very beautiful girl, whose wealthy parents are his only relatives. Sophie Sorbier is the only child of a flour merchant—a grinding, grasping man, who well earned the soubriquet of Sorbier-le-Loup at Pithiviers, where he amassed an enormous fortune. His wife, Agathe, who is one of M. Achard's very successful characters, was a daughter of a "conseiller à la cour royale d'Orléans." She is handsome, though poor; and to be revenged on a certain dear friend, Heloise, who has made a good match, and dared to patronise her, she consents to become Madame Sorbier. "Burning with the love of gain, what this man sought in a companion was less a friend than a partner." On taking leave of her father, after the marriage ceremony, "Il eut avec elle un long entretien au moment de son départ, et se plut, avec la finesse d'un magistrat pour qui le cœur humain n'a plus de replis, à lui montrer son mari tel qu'il était. 'La porte est basse, dit-il, en finissant. 'Si tu essayes d'entrer chez lui le front haut, tu te briseras la tête. Courbe-toi donc et prends l'empreinte de ton mari. . . . Le temps fera le reste, et tu seras maîtresse ou servante, selon que tu seras habile ou maladroite.'" Agathe shudders, but "le souvenir d'Héloïse, qui l'avait éclaboussée la rendait indomptable. 'Vous verrez,' dit-elle à son père en recevant le baiser d'adieu." Madame Sorbier was just the woman to profit by such paternal advice. Step by step, inch by inch, she conquers, and at length becomes absolute mistress of the position. Three years after her arrival at Pithiviers, "M. Sorbier did nothing without the advice of his wife. Sorbier-le-Loup was *muzzled*." After making him the most important man in the neighbourhood, as well as the richest capitalist, Madame Sorbier had other projects to carry out nearer her heart than either. "If she had buried her youth in a little town far from her friends, and devoted all her care in building an immense fortune, was it not to enjoy it on a larger theatre? Besides, what chance had she of meeting Heloise at Pithiviers?" Reluctance and resistance from M. Sorbier are finally overcome. His wife's vanity must have its tardy gratification. Sophie must be educated in Paris. "Agathe vainquit toute résistance d'un mot: 'M. Closeau du Tailli est à Paris,' dit-elle, 'il a plus d'un million, et il n'a point d'enfant.' Isidore lut dans la pensée de sa femme et céda." When M. de Tailli introduces Maurice to the family, they had been some eight or nine years luxuriously established in Paris. The winter was spent in fashionable "appartements au premier," the summer at their beautiful villa "la Colombière," to keep up which cost, according to M. Sorbier, "Quinze mille francs qui rendaient inert un capital de cent mille écus!" Sophie is his godchild, and brought up to love the rich cousin, who wishes to make Maurice her husband, not so much because he likes the young painter, as because he detests M. le Baron de Courtalin, who is one of the candidates for her hand. Maurice has a friend, Philippe Duverney, a noble-minded fellow, blunt in manner although refined in feeling. He would dissuade him from marrying Sophie. If he must marry—though he has more need of work than a wife—let him take Laure, who, poor as she is, will make him richer and happier than Sophie. Maurice says, if he is rich he shall have leisure to work. Philippe reminds him that "Qui apporte beaucoup exige beaucoup"—a truth his friend is not inclined to see. M. du Tailli proposes his protégé to his relations. After a long interview, "M. Sorbier se leva—ah! si elle épouse M. de Treuil vous lui donnez 'Trois cent mille francs, sinon, non.'" Avarice and M. du Tailli triumph over the inclination of Madame, who favours M. de Courtalin, the deputy. Maurice is accepted. For "if the mother said Amen, the daughter would say—So be it!"

Sophie, qui avait fait semblant de se coucher, s'était levée sans bruit aussitôt que ses parents étaient rentrés chez eux; et, après s'être enveloppée à la hâte d'un peignoir, était allée rejoindre Laure, qu'elle trouva à sa fenêtre regardant la nuit.

"Laure, dit-elle d'une voix que l'émotion ne faisait pas beaucoup trembler, tu ne sais pas, on me marie!"

"Ah! dit Laure, qui se sentit paître."

"C'est ma mère qui vient de décider tout cela avec son parrain. J'ai trois cent mille francs d'épingles."

* Maurice de Treuil. Par Amédée Achard. Paris: Hachette, 1857.

Laure frissonnait de la tête aux pieds.
— Au moins l'aimes-tu? l'aimes-tu assez pour le rendre heureux? reprit-elle en saisissant les mains de Sophie et avec une exaltation qui aurait trahi son secret, si d'autres oreilles l'eussent écoutée.

— Moi? dit Sophie. Et pourquoi ne le rendrais-je pas heureux? Beaucoup d'autres m'ont demandée en mariage, et ils n'avaient point de crainte là-dessus.

— Ils ne s'appelaient pas Maurice, ceux-là! Tu ne sais pas quel cœur fier et sensible il abrite sous le voile de sa gaieté. Ne le froisse pas... La moindre blessure lui ferait trop de mal.

— Es-tu singulière ce soir! Moi aussi, je suis gaie et je ne suis pas méchante. Que parles-tu de blessure? Nous irons au bal et aux Italiens."

Laure exposa son front brûlant au vent de la nuit. De grosses larmes gonflaient ses paupières.

— Et quand vous mariez-vous? reprit-elle en s'efforçant de sourire.

— On va publier les bans tout de suite. C'est à peine si j'aurai le temps de choisir ma corbeille. Tu m'aideras. J'ai déjà dessiné dans ma tête la toilette que je veux porter à l'église... C'est d'un goût charmant."

Laure ne l'écoutait plus; elle avait la fièvre.

— Ecoute, Sophie, reprit-elle tout à coup en l'interrompant, Maurice se consacrera tout entier à ton bonheur. Il est pauvre, il a souffert, beaucoup souffert; tu es jeune, tu es riche, tu es belle: sois toute à lui, donne-lui les beaux jours qu'il mérite. Une ancienne amitié unissait nos deux familles... Je l'ai vu de près, s'acharnant au travail et corrigeant la mauvaise fortune à force de courage et d'énergie. Aime-le de tout ton cœur, respecte son talent, et rends-lui légères ces richesses que tu lui apportes.

— Certainement, répondit Sophie; je lui achèterai un joli cheval anglais."

Elle étouffa un léger bâillement et frissonna en ramenant autour d'elle un petit châle.

— Adieu, dit-elle; il est un peu tard, je crois, il faut dormir."

Ella embrassa Laure et sortit. Laure tomba sur ses genoux, les mains jointes. "Mon Dieu, dit-elle, prenez pitié de moi!"

As we like all Frenchwomen the better for knowing that such characters as Laure exist, we advise our reader to follow her short story in M. Amédée Achard's pages. Maurice is not the first man who has made the discovery, to his cost, that it is one thing to marry a woman, another to marry her family. The unfortunate artist lives with M. and Madame Sorbier, and finds out the truth of Philippe's predictions, and that *richesse oblige*. M. Achard has the talent of observing and noting down the little circumstances of daily life—the inexhaustible and terrible power of minute torture and constant irritation which uncongenial persons have the power of inflicting on each other in domestic life—"la vanité, l'amour propre, et ces mille petites passions qui agissent comme ces insectes qui percent le bois le plus dur." That *Maurice de Treuil* should remind any one of the *Newcomes*, is in itself no small compliment to the author. Unlike Mr. Thackeray's novel, however, it deepens in pathos and interest to the end. It is thoroughly worth reading—French in all but vice. When French novelists are convinced, as perhaps they may be some day, that breaking the seventh commandment is not always a necessary foundation for a story—that there are other sources of interest besides a cleverly-conducted intrigue—other desires to satisfy besides a thirst for excitement—then there will happily be more novels like *Maurice de Treuil*, which we may read and recommend.

HERSCHEL'S ESSAYS.*

IN the calm evening of a long and useful life, which has been devoted partly to the advancement and partly to the popularizing of science, Sir John Herschel has followed the example of many of the most illustrious of his contemporaries, and has collected those scattered pieces—the *parerga* of his literary and scientific activity—which he thinks not unworthy to be placed by the side of his larger and more important works. None will read them all with equal pleasure. Many will not cut the pages of some of them. With the exception, however, of one or two small copies of verses—which probably, from being the records of strong emotions, appear, we suppose, more valuable to their author than they are likely to do to the public—there is nothing in the whole volume which a friend would have acted wisely in advising Sir John Herschel to omit. Still, the book is one which addresses only a limited class of readers. It will please best those who, leaving the world of action and affairs, love to climb the lofty peaks of mathematical and metaphysical thought, casting downward, nevertheless, as they rise, a kindly glance on the interests and troubles of the plain below.

The first piece in the volume is an address delivered in 1833 to the subscribers to a reading-room and library at Eton, full of good sense, but in no way remarkable. The reviews are five in number, and cover a considerable field of knowledge. The first, on the "Mechanism of the Heavens," contains a careful account and a cordial appreciation of Mrs. Somerville's work, and a notice of a translation of Laplace, by Dr. Bowditch. The same essay contains a sketch of the revival of mathematical science in England in the earlier part of this century. The second, far more ambitious in size, and cast less in the mould of a review than of an original essay, is devoted to Terrestrial Magnetism. It traces the growth of public interest on that great subject, and shows how powerless was individual effort to advance a science in which the facts were continually altering, and which above all others called for minute, concerted, and widely-extended observations. It then details the circumstances by which an impulse was given to the action of the various European Governments in this matter, and explains the gradual extension over the globe of a network of magnetic observatories, giving an account of the methods employed in their operation. This article appeared in the *Quarterly* in

1840, soon after the *Erebus* and *Terror* had sailed from our shores. The last event in the progress of that memorable expedition which Sir John Herschel was able to chronicle at the period at which he wrote, was the departure of the two vessels from the Cape of Good Hope.

The third review is on Dr. Whewell's two works on the *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*—works which, although published at a considerable interval, are nevertheless related to each other as parts of a whole. This paper takes the form of an analysis with comments, and is the more valuable to students of Dr. Whewell, because Sir John Herschel, while profoundly appreciating the many gifts of the Master of Trinity, is a disciple of the rival school, referring all our knowledge to experience, and admitting no innate conceptions antecedent to it. To the historical portion of this great intellectual labour less space is devoted than to the philosophical part; but Sir John Herschel speaks highly of its merits. Amongst the later sections, he particularly recommends that headed "Question of Creation relating to Science." The philosophical part is treated at great length—no less than sixty-eight pages of this work being devoted to it. We pass, we confess, with some satisfaction, from the abstractions of Dr. Whewell to an article on Humboldt's *Kosmos*, from the *Edinburgh* for January, 1848. Like the fair world itself, the works of this great author are ever fresh and new, not less powerful to charm than to enlighten. Well may Sir John Herschel speak, in another part of this book, "of those his most memorable voyages and travels in the equinoctial regions of America, in which, all eye, all ear, all thought, he seemed to have received on the expansive retina of his mind the picture of universal nature, and to have treasured up its images in the stores of a memory and an intellect worthy of such a prospect." This review has much the same character as the preceding one. One sentence in it reads strangely now, for it was given to the public just before the catastrophe which overthrew the throne of Louis-Philippe, and led in a few months to the Italian and Hungarian wars. "A great and wondrous attempt is making in civilized Europe at the present time—neither more nor less than to stave off, *ad infinitum*, the tremendous visitation of war." This is followed by some admirable remarks on the absolute necessity of an ever-increasing activity of science, if the earth is to subsist "continually-increasing masses, in continually-increasing comfort." The last review, *Quetelet On Probabilities*, contains many curious facts. Amongst other things, M. Quetelet turned his attention to the time of the flowering of plants. This he found not to be at all capricious, but regulated by the most stringent laws. It is in all cases the temperature which determines the period of inflorescence:—

The common liac blossoms so soon as the square of the mean daily temperatures (as indicated by the centigrade thermometer) amounts to 426.4°, so that the mean time of its flowering at any given station may be at once determined from the meteorological record of its climate. At Brussels this mean date is the 27th or 28th of April. In other localities it occurs earlier or later by about three or four days for every degree of latitude south or north of Brussels, and about five or even six days later for every hundred yards elevation above the level of that city, which is itself sixty-five yards above the sea.

M. Quetelet, as a member of the Central Statistical Commission of Belgium, has largely studied the application of the theory of probabilities to moral and political science, and the work which is reviewed by Sir John Herschel consists of a series of letters addressed to the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The next group of papers are addresses delivered to the Astronomical Society upon the presentation of their medals to distinguished persons. They are carefully finished, and mark important periods in the history of science. These are followed by a memoir of Mr. Baily, the astronomer. This distinguished man was born in 1774, in Berkshire. His taste for science was developed very early, and at the age of one-and-twenty he made a very remarkable tour in the unsettled parts of North America. Returning to this country, he became a member of the Stock Exchange, wrote some important papers upon subjects connected with commercial affairs, and applied himself to astronomy in his leisure hours. In 1820 he took a conspicuous part in the foundation of the Astronomical Society, and was secretary of that institution during the first three years of its existence. After realising a competent fortune, he retired from business, and devoted himself to his favourite pursuits. He died in 1844, after performing a vast amount of valuable work, of which his labours in the remodelling of the *Nautical Almanac*, in the fixation of the standard of length, in the determination of the density of the earth, and in the revision of catalogues of the stars, were only a part.

Next come two other addresses, of which the second, delivered to the British Association at Cambridge in 1845, will be the most acceptable to the generality of readers.

These graver compositions are succeeded by a translation of Schiller's *Spaziergang*, in which the hexameters of the original are reproduced in English. It required some boldness to translate a second time into our language—

Nimmer allein,
Erscheinen die Götter,
Nimmer allein.

This, however, Sir John Herschel has done; and has also tried his skill on Bürger's *Leonora*, succeeding, on the whole, very well in preserving the spirit of the original. A few poems by Sir

* *Essays from the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, with Addresses and other Pieces.* By Sir J. Herschel, Bart., K.H. London: Longman. 1857.

John Herschel himself are added. Of these the following verse is a favourable specimen:—

Oh! born for either sphere, whose soul can thrill
With all that Poesy has soft or bright,
Or wield the sceptre of the sage at will
(That mighty mace which bursts its way to light),
Soar as thou wilt, or plunge—thy ardent mind
Darts on—but cannot leave our love behind.

Proximus oratori poeta, says an old and true proverb. If Sir John Herschel does not quite deserve either the one name or the other, his fondness for poetical composition has nevertheless reacted very beneficially on his prose style. The subjects which he discusses are generally abstruse; but they do not owe any of their difficulty to his treatment of them. His addresses and reviews abound in very well-turned passages and pleasant illustrations. We select one which affords a very good example of what we mean. Speaking of such artifices of communicating scientific knowledge as letters or dialogues, he says—

They are like pebbles in the bed of a stream, which make it sparkle, and please the eye and ear when the thought is but loosely engaged. But the welling waters of scientific lore should be clear, glassy and unrippled, offering their inmost depths to a quiet and contemplative gaze, and neither distracting by murmurs nor dazzling by irregular reflections.

SEYMOUR AND HIS FRIENDS.*

HOW are we to describe *Seymour and his Friends*, except by saying that it is a three-volume novel? It is the image of the crop of novels which last year decked the sea-side libraries; and probably it exactly resembles the successors that are now germinating in twenty fruitful brains for the harvest of next year. It is as impossible to predicate its *differentia*, or to give it an individuality, as it would be to individualize a baby or a South-down sheep. Any attempt at description runs inevitably into a series of negations—the incidents are not new, the plot is not ingenious, the characters leave no distinct impression on the mind. So far as the reader is able to remember anything about them when he has closed the book, they recall the well-known lineaments which he has annually welcomed in broad-margined octavo for the last twenty years. There is the unprincipled gambler, who is of course the younger son of a peer, and the weak victim, heir apparent to a fortune—then there is the match-making dowager, and the angelic young lady whose father is ruined, and who is consequently moral in her habits, and the frivolous young lady, who goes to balls and is an earl's daughter. They are all described minutely when they are introduced; but the character ends with the description. When once the dialogue begins, there is scarcely more difference between them than there is between the interlocutors in *Rasselas*. Remove the inverted commas, and it would be generally impossible to tell the dialogue from the text, or one of the speakers from another. Old and young, male and female, have a perfect command of the well-balanced sentences, the classical English, the euphonious cadences in which the authoress herself writes. It must be admitted that in the last generation many of our most distinguished novelists were guilty of a similar fault. Miss Burney is notorious for her Johnsonian young ladies—at least since the publication of Mr. Macaulay's Essay; and even Scott is not wholly free from the blemish. His heroes and heroines constantly talk together as if they were great orators taking part in a debate. The fair maid of Perth sometimes makes speeches which would not be unworthy of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. James, who is "Scott and water," has not eliminated this peculiarity in the process of dilution. But Miss Austen's wholesomer example has been followed as a rule in our generation by the leading novel writers; and a departure from that tradition may generally be accepted as the proof of a very mechanical, or at best a very unpractised pen. Illustrations of the extent to which our authoress makes her company talk "dictionary," are not so hard to find as to select. One instance will suffice. The following flowing periods are supposed to be the conversation of a pair of lovers:—

He was unable to resist the charm of Mabel's ingenuousness, as he said, with a smile, which she thought irresistibly agreeable:

"No one is really pleased at the moment to be considered wanting in either penetration or strength of mind, but silent reflection is often the best mentor. Such a part I am disposed to act towards you, Miss Neville; and, if I am not mistaken in your character, without running the risk of incurring your displeasure, or of being considered over-officious."

In these words there was a slight appeal to Mabel's superiority over the generality of her age and sex, which she could not but confess gratified her, proceeding as it did from the lips of the severe Mr. Dalrymple, and she replied gaily:

"I really feared, and deeply regretted losing your good opinion, because I, with many others, will not look upon the agreeable Mr. Beverley with your Argus eyes. From henceforth, then, you will not quite consider me beneath your kind consideration?"

"No, let us come to a tacit understanding; while you keep true to your unsuspecting character, you will permit me, under all circumstances, to give you the advice which I may think wholesome though distasteful."

"You will prevent all necessity for improvement, or for the exercise of any of my dormant powers," replied Mabel, laughing; "but if your discrimination ever once fail, I hope you will not plead for any leniency in my judgment of yourself. I may and do love truth," she continued, "but I also dearly love all beauty, all romance, all charming fancy and imagination! I could not live at the Glen without indulging these harmless tastes."

"I must begin by begging you, above all things, to beware of romance—cruel as you may think me. It gives a false colouring to everything."

* *Seymour and his Friends*. A Novel. By the Author of "The Secret Marriage." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

"Not false in this instance; our minds are our own medium, and here I will be rebellious, Mr. Dalrymple, before you have well begun the exercise of your functions. Beauty is all around us, and why should we not see it with our own clear bright eyes? It is everywhere—in every shower and sunset, in all the strange fantastic shapes of rock and hill on which the misty clouds rest, which, more in fancy than in reality, I have hitherto seen."

"Yes! and," he continued, warming with her enthusiasm, for at heart he was as poetic and imaginative as herself, "it is everywhere, in every leaf and stem, and heathery hill side; in the flower that rears up its splendid blossoms amidst the solitudes of the Himalayas, and in that grand, stormy, rolling ocean that divides the Eastern from the Western world. Beauty is surrounding us wherever nature works her will; and beauty is in thought, too, in pure, guileless thought, in kind, unselfish action; but oh! it fades—it all fades too soon away."

The plot belongs to the same dead level of mediocrity as the characters. It is one of those plots which weave difficulty on difficulty to the middle of the third volume, and then end in a massacre of the characters in order to solve the tangle. Seymour, the weak victim, is the hero of the story; and the action of the plot consists mainly of his misfortunes and misdeeds. In consequence of his gambling, he is supplanted in the affections of a stern old uncle by a treacherous friend, in whose favour the uncle disinherits him; whereupon Seymour is induced by his gambling friend to jilt the young lady to whom he is engaged, and to marry an heiress. But the treacherous friend tumbles down a precipice in a romantic ravine just at the proper time, and the estate passes to Seymour, whereupon he runs away from his heiress, who forthwith dies of a consumption. Everybody having thus died who is in anybody's way, Seymour marries his indulgent first love—three or four other pairs are married too—and the book concludes. But it is not wholly composed of such unprofitable matter as love-scenes and thrilling incidents, for is it not intended for drawing-room reading in respectable families? The various situations are improved for the youthful mind with edifying reflections, not always very novel, but eminently decorous—cynical, undoubtedly, in order to please the young people, who have mostly arrived at the age when the world is a dreary waste, and life a hollow dream—but quite orthodox enough to pass muster with careful mammas. A good deal is made of the frightful effects of jealousy in females, and gambling in males; but the main point of attack is the wickedness of the dowager tribe and the general abominations of Belgravian society. Many generations of novel writers have been in the habit of filling up their spare space with invectives against the marriage-market; and it is a sad commentary on human depravity that, after so many philanthropic efforts, the marriage-market is like to outlive them all. The dowagers are a stifled and backsliding race, and go on hawking their wares as complacently as if there were no three-volume novels in existence to expose their manoeuvres to the curious eyes of the apprentice world. It is a pity that these untiring preachers cannot appreciate the distinction between moralizing and inculcating a moral. To construct an amusing story which shall leave a wholesome lesson engraved on the reader's mind, is a work which is neither useless nor ephemeral; but an alternation of love-scenes and copy-book apophthegms, an attempt to macadamize a sermon into a bed of romance, is apt to produce a tendency to somnolence very fatal to edification.

Perhaps it would be exacting too much to ask that a novel of this type should be anything more than readable and inoffensive. People do not complain that their baker shows no fertility of invention, or that there is monotony in the milk; and the novel of the season has almost become an indispensable aliment in an educated English household. The capacity of being bored is one of the faculties bestowed by civilization. A rustic is perfectly happy whistling half a day over a gate; and our ancestors could booze or work tapestry for hours, according to their sex, without ever finding time hang heavy on their hands. But the march of intellect has created the craving of the imagination for aliment to feed upon, in thousands who lack either time or power for deeper studies. That a marketable article, regularly manufactured to meet a constant demand, should be in every instance a work of art, would be too much to expect. Our hack-novelists may not have the charm of genius; but, considering what goes on elsewhere, it is a matter of congratulation that they do not attempt to supply its place by the help of the bad passions to which the stupidest can appeal with ease. *Seymour and his Friends* is a fair sample of what is ordinarily sold; and though it is not first-rate, it is unadulterated—which is more than can be said of most articles of ordinary consumption.

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